

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



The Palace of Holyroodhouse, where Her Majesty the Queen will stay during her visit to Scotland next week

In this number:

Broadcast Talks by the Prime Minister of Pakistan and
the Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs

America Loses the Italian Election (Joseph Harsch)

A New Poem by Edwin Muir



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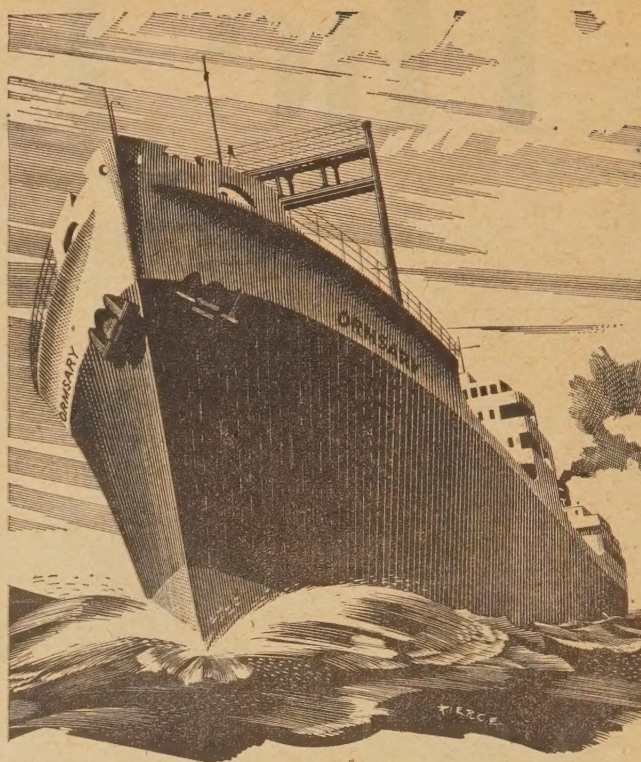
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The Listener

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America Loses the Italian Election

By JOSEPH HARSCH

THIS week saw the counting of the ballot in Italy's fourth election since the war. At the end of the week there are only two marked changes on the surface of this old city on the Tiber*. First, there has been a respite from the rains; and second, thousands of doormen, street cleaners, janitors and scrubwomen have begun to make an impression on the debris of the election. Stone walls are beginning to show again through the many thicknesses of election posters which were spread across every reachable surface during the campaign. Otherwise Rome is still Rome as in any early summer tourist season—with Americans, moving down from England's Coronation week, taking over from the Germans who had poured through earlier in the biggest German tourist wave since before the war.

But this is only on the surface; below and behind the surface, in the offices of government, in the embassies, in the *cafés*, wherever men gather together and think seriously about the events of the week, there is an all-pervading consciousness of change—something significant has happened, something difficult to define. Yet everyone here in Rome knows that nothing will ever be quite the same again in Italy, and in Italy's relations to the outside world, now that Prime Minister de Gasperi's political coalition of the centre has failed to win the clear majority vote which it sought in this last week's election.

You cannot say that the election was lost: Signor de Gasperi's Christian Democratic Party is still the largest single party in the country and in the parliament. It alone won forty per cent. of the vote against twenty-two per cent. for the Communists. With its allies in the Centre Coalition it came within a few faction points of a clear majority. The de Gasperi Government will be able to continue as a government but, on the other hand, neither de Gasperi nor his principal supporter—the American Government—achieved the whole purpose of the election and of the months of pre-election effort.

That purpose was a majority government in Italy allied with Washington, and operating in substantial support of American policies in Europe. This election was to have been the culmination of five years of American policy in Italy. It was intended to confirm Italy's solid enlistment in the American project of a western Europe rising united out of centuries of disunity; a western Europe able to defend itself with a unified European army, and able to take care of its own economic problems, after the American fashion of a single, great, free-trading area. The Italian Government and the American embassy planned for such an event and expected it. The result was both a disappointment and a bitter surprise. Now both must learn to live with the unexpected, and the unexpected begins with the fact that from this week on Italian policy and Italy's direction are going to be shaped more in Italy—and perhaps some in Germany—and less in Washington than has been the case since the war.

This is true because the most prominent single feature of the election results was a drift of voters away from the pro-American centre, to the anti-American extremes of left and right. The main losers in the election were the three small parties which were the most natural friends of America—of the American point of view, and of American policy. These three parties were the Republicans, the Liberals and the right-wing Saragat Socialists. In these parties were to be found the people who believed truly in the American concept of free enterprise, free competition and the people who also were international in their foreign policy views. They supported America's policies in Europe; their leaders were never tempted by the blandishments of Moscow. They have merely disappeared now from the Italian political spectrum.

In order to govern, Prime Minister de Gasperi's Christian Democratic Party must now seek new alliances. In seeking them it has a choice; it can either reach left and associate itself with the left-wing

* Mr. Harsch, who is visiting Europe primarily for the National Broadcasting Company, broadcast this talk from Rome on June 12.

Socialists—who have been themselves associated with the Communists, for comfort—or it can reach to the right and associate itself with the Monarchists; probably it will choose the latter course. However, there is anti-Americanism on both Italian right and left. On the right, the Monarchists are in reality more interested in protecting themselves from the high taxes and the land reforms than they are in a return of the monarchy. They are anti-American because the high taxes are necessary to sustain the arms programme which is part of the American policy for Europe, and because land reform is a vital part of the American programme for the economic development of Italy. The left-wing Socialists are anti-American obviously, because of their association with the Communists.

The result is that the new Italian Government to be formed out of the election must take into its ranks, and therefore into its thinking, elements which are less in agreement with American policy. In effect, the Italian voters have told their Government to break away—not drastically, but a little—from its established American tie. To become less American and more Italian—again not drastically, but a little.

Americans who have invested a large sum of money in Italy over the last five years, naturally want to know how and why this setback to their plans and purposes happened. There are many explanations and no one can say which were the more important ones. Certainly Russia's behaviour since Stalin's death had something to do with the outcome. The sense of urgency which in years past has made the Italians amenable to American plans and purposes has declined. Add to this a feeling that it was time for a change; include also anti-clericalism, which is widespread and has been re-aroused by the political activity of the Church. Add also Italian sensitiveness to the Communist cant that Italy was becoming an American satellite. These were all part of the picture.

Then add one more element which may have been decisive in the end. As election day approached America's voice spoke to Italian ears with less certainty, less firmness, less consistency than in times past. The Italians had been accustomed for five years to an American voice and hand which kept prodding and pushing them in a way which Washington thought they should go. There was never any doubt about American policy. But then suddenly there was doubt. Secretary of State Dulles had told them that they would not be prodded any more. Senator Taft's proposal that America 'go it alone' came through from Washington isolated from its context. Italian newspapers reported that American aid was going to come to an end. One American business man who surveyed Italy for the new Administration went back and reported that the American investment in Italy had been wasted. Thus where before there had been certainty and steadiness, a new uncertainty had come in. Italians were no longer sure what American policies and purposes really were. So far as they could tell over here from distorted and incomplete reports, America was relaxing.

Then add the question Mr. Attlee phrased in London—the question whether the guiding hand in Washington is that of Eisenhower or of McCarthy. That question—that doubt, no matter how unwarranted it may be, is a gnawing one here in Rome as all through Europe. The Communists have been building it up assiduously, citing McCarthy's every speech and action as proof of their own old Communist contention that America will one day go Fascist. No one can say how decisive this last factor was, but certainly it was one contributing reason to the failure of the Italian Government to win its expected majority in the election. The decision was so close that the removal of any one of the factors might have made the decisive difference. But all the factors were present and the election did go the wrong way from Washington's point of view. And now Italy must start out again down a new road.

It would be easy at this moment to say that the many millions of American dollars poured into this country over the last five years were wasted. Yet it would be neither fair nor true to say it. There has been no failure of the original purpose; there has only been failure to complete a very ambitious project by a final, political consolidation of Italy's place in a vast American plan for all Europe. The original purpose was to save Italy from Communism and to restore her pre-war economic conditions. These purposes have been accomplished. Italy is not Communist nor likely to go Communist; she is much more likely to swing farther to the right, and today the index of Italian industrial productivity stands at 150 per cent. of its pre-war level. The country has been greatly developed and aided. Had there been no Marshall Aid, no mutual aid, no off-shore procurement, Italy would almost certainly be a Russian satellite today, and that did not happen.

On the other hand, this is a moment when Americans might well pause and survey the record of their five years of aid to Italy, and note

that the result has fallen short, not of promises but of hopes. One hope was that Italy might be transformed into a country of flourishing private enterprise. That hope has been frustrated; over half the industry of Italy is controlled, operated, and subsidised by the state. Italy is the most nationalised country outside of the Iron Curtain. Perhaps with more American prodding and pushing this could have been avoided. Mussolini's state industry has been confirmed, not exorcised.

Another hope was that Italy might become economically independent; in theory that too might have been achieved. If 2,000,000 Italians could have been taken out of the country by migration there could have been a chance. What Italy needed most of all was a chance to get ahead of her population, but the migration could not be or was not arranged. Industrial production has expanded steadily but the birthrate has kept just ahead. Production of goods does not catch up with the production of people; there are still 2,000,000 unemployed and another 1,000,000 who are part-time employed, and that is about the number of Communists—although you do not find them always in the same places. Dollar aid has kept the situation from getting worse, but it has not been able to cure the basic unbalance between production and population. Free access to the American market would probably in the long run help more than dollar aid, but the trend in Washington is not in that direction. It is merely a fact of world life—a fact underlined by Italy's election returns—that America has been able to help Italy immensely and has been able to keep Italy's problems manageable, but America has not been able to solve Italy's basic problem.

I think that is what the Italian election really means—a revelation that America cannot, or is not able to solve the basic problem. Everywhere I go in Rome, I find people wondering where the solution does lie and everywhere I find thought turning to Germany. The Italians are not ready yet emotionally to resume closer ties with Germany—yet Germany was, before the war, her largest trading partner, and is today her most logical trading partner. It almost makes one wonder whether in reality we Americans have not in effect been acting over these past eight years as a trustee for Germany's stake in Italy. Against the day when a revived—and we may hope a wiser and more tolerant—Germany will resume a relationship with Italy, which can do more to solve Italy's problems by trade than Washington has been able to do by aid. It would seem to be the trend of the times; German goods are moving into Italy at a rapid and steadily rising rate. Italian fruit, vegetables, and oils are pushing against the German trade barriers. Germany needs the produce of Italy's sunny hillsides. If and when Germany is willing to take it, the need for American help will decline.

One must hope that a good and a wise Germany will begin to move into Italy again, because America is not able to satisfy all of Italy's needs.—*Home Service*

SUMMER BOOK NUMBER

THE LISTENER next week will include reviews of the following books:

Henry James: the Untried Years, 1843–1870. By Leon Edel
Reviewed by Henry Reed

Dickens and Ellen Ternan. By Ada Nisbet
Reviewed by Hesketh Pearson

Malenkov. By Martin Ebon
Reviewed by Peter Wiles

Private View. By Walter de la Mare
Reviewed by Graham Hough

Emile Zola. By F. W. J. Hemmings
Reviewed by Angus Wilson

Conversations with Kafka. By Gustav Janouch
Reviewed by George Painter

and reviews of other new books

Pakistan and its Problems

By the Hon. MOHAMMED ALI, Prime Minister of Pakistan

THIS has been the first Prime Ministers' Conference that I have attended. It was an exhilarating experience to see sitting round the conference table Prime Ministers representing such diverse lands and peoples, each land a sovereign state, each state jealous of its sovereignty and yet all animated by a community of interests and outlook with common objectives of world peace and human betterment. Here one found a most remarkable example of unity among diversity. In a divided world the Commonwealth stands out as a shining example of international good will and co-operation.

Let me now tell you something about my own country and about ourselves, the Pakistani people. We are a young country, barely six years of age but we are also as old as history. Our land has been the cradle of some of the oldest civilisations in the world. A visitor to Mohenjo-Daro, an old city bared by archaeologists some years ago, will find that he has suddenly stepped 5,000 years back into time. His imagination will be gripped by evidence of a most remarkable civilisation. Similarly in Taxila he will find bewitching remains of another ancient age. In another sense, also, Pakistan is unique. It is the only country in the world divided into two parts separated by 1,000 miles. The Punjab, that famous land of five rivers, the North-West Frontier Province, Sind, and Baluchistan constitute West Pakistan. This great territory borders on Iran, Arabia, and the Middle East, and is culturally and historically a part of it. East Pakistan, on the other hand, borders on Burma. It is the much smaller but more populous of the two parts.

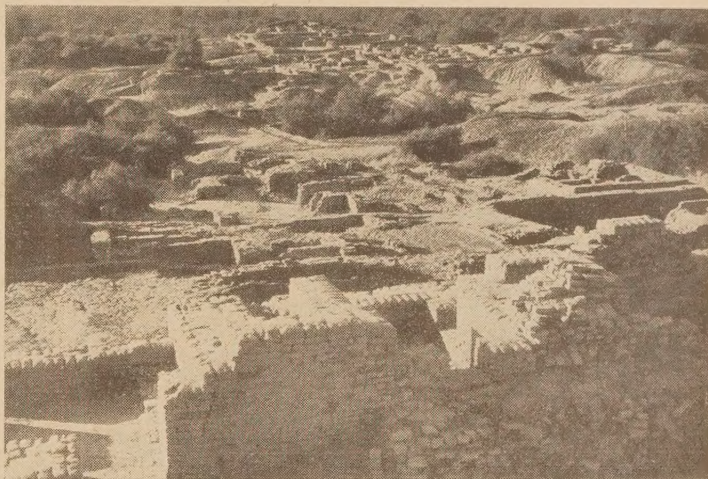
Situated thus astride the Indian sub-continent Pakistan constitutes a bridge between the Middle East and South-east Asia. By virtue of geography alone, it is quite clear that Pakistan can never be insular in outlook. Even to look at itself it must look across its borders. This significant fact has an important bearing both on our domestic policy and on our international relations.

Pakistan is a land of contrasts. Its landscape varies from the rugged mountains of the Frontier Province and the hard terrain of the Punjab, both of which have produced during the past two wars some of the finest soldiers in the world, to the rich alluvial plains of East Pakistan. In West Pakistan we have an insufficiency of irrigation water. In East Pakistan with its numerous rivers and water courses, and abundant rainfall, there is a superfluity of it. West Pakistan is for the most part brown and bare. East Pakistan is breath-takingly green and beautiful. Another significant feature of Pakistan is that it is a land of peasants. Although a land rich in resources, in 1947, at the time of partition, Pakistan had practically no mills or factories. Pakistan's main industry was, and still predominantly is, agriculture.

Since ninety per cent. of our exports consist of raw materials, such as jute and cotton, the slump in prices hit us severely. Of course, we knew that prices had to come down after the boom of 1951 following the outbreak of war in Korea but we did not foresee that the fall would be so steep and come so rapidly. Within a year the price of jute and cotton dropped to less than half. As a result, our export earnings from sales abroad fell to one-half our earnings in 1951—a serious blow to a young country struggling to develop its resources by the import of machinery and other industrial equipment. Simultaneously came a serious food shortage, in a country which had hitherto had food to spare. West Pakistan is dependent for its supplies of irrigation water on the monsoons and on the water flowing through its vast canal system, which is mostly fed from rivers that

flow through India. The monsoons failed for two years in succession, at the time of the wheat sowings in 1951 and 1952, and there was a serious shortage of water in the canals. As a result, our wheat crop last year fell short of our needs by 950,000 tons. This year the shortage will be as high as 1,250,000 tons.

While, therefore, our export earnings dropped heavily owing to the slump in world prices, our demand for imports increased. Last year



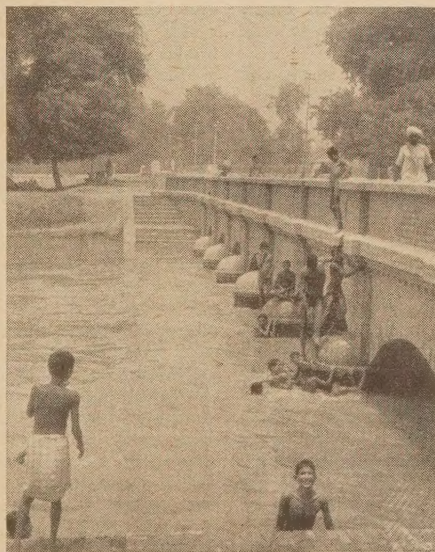
General view of Mohenjo-Daro, where excavations revealed the site of a 5,000-year-old city

we had to import about 800,000 tons of wheat in order to save our people from starvation. This year, again, we must import another 1,500,000 tons of wheat if widespread distress and famine are to be prevented. We could not possibly afford to buy this vast quantity of wheat out of our present resources. We have therefore asked our friends to help and I am happy to say that their response has been heartening.

Our sister nations of the Commonwealth, Canada and Australia, have generously come to our aid with an offer of 100,000 tons and 45,000 tons of wheat respectively, as part of their share of aid under the Colombo Plan. We have also approached the United States for 1,000,000 tons. Our request—I gather—has been approved by President Eisenhower, who has passed it on with his blessings to Congress.

So far as food is concerned, we must endeavour to become, as rapidly as possible, independent of the vagaries of rainfall and we must settle our dispute with India over the supply of waters to our canals in the Punjab and Bahawalpur. Meanwhile, we are cutting new irrigation channels in formerly arid parts of the country, and within the next three or four years millions of acres of now desert land will have been brought under cultivation. By that time we trust that our food supplies will be secure.

As regards our quarrel with India over the canal waters, the World Bank has lent its good offices to resolve it. The water resources of the Indus basin if properly utilised can adequately meet the requirements over a great territory of both India and Pakistan. Indian and Pakistani engineers are now working in collaboration



Children bathing in one of the irrigation canals in the Punjab, West Pakistan

with World Bank engineers on a comprehensive and bold plan of river projects that will provide more water for both countries. Assurances have been given to the World Bank that water supplies for existing uses would not be interfered with or diminished. I have reason to believe that the World Bank will be able to bring about a constructive solution of this dispute, which will be to the lasting benefit of India and Pakistan. We, on our part, will do everything in our power to assist such a settlement.

Similarly, we must seek to become progressively independent of the operation of world forces in the matter of the price of our raw materials, which are the mainstay of our economy. We have begun to manufacture jute goods and increase our production of cotton goods. This year, despite the fall in prices, we have allotted a much larger sum than ever before for the industrial development of Pakistan. Many new cotton mills have been built or are nearing completion, and by the end of next year we shall have become quite self sufficient in cloth. We are proud to be within sight of achieving this ambition. After all, it is still only six years since partition. At the time of partition there was not a single jute factory in Pakistan although we are far and away the largest grower of jute in the world. Jute factories are now being built and our production of jute goods is already sufficient to meet domestic requirements. We expect soon to be able to export substantial quantities of manufactured jute goods.

Our output of domestic oil and coal has substantially increased and a large number of new industries are being established. These include a gigantic paper mill near Chittagong, a port on the Bay of Bengal that will be familiar to all soldiers of the gallant Fourteenth Army, a group of woollen textile mills, a 50,000-ton fertiliser plant, and factories for the manufacture of such diverse articles as rubber tyres and tubes, electric fans, sewing machines, soda ash, ceramics, glassware, paints, and varnishes. We are also building repair docks in East Pakistan for the innumerable river craft on the mighty Brahmaputra and its many tributaries.

Those of you who knew Chittagong during the last war would not recognise it today. Today it is a port of destiny, humming with business activity and growing with an almost incredible speed. It handles more than ten times the cargo it handled during the war. It is no longer the only port of East Pakistan. Two years ago we established at Chalna an inland port which can handle medium-sized ocean-going vessels and is already vying with Chittagong in the handling of sea cargo.

Despite these considerable advances, our resources remain inadequate to sustain in decent livelihood a population of 76,000,000 people. We therefore look for help from Great Britain and other industrially advanced countries. We are deeply appreciative of the technical and other aid we have received from you, from other members of the Commonwealth, and from the United States. We need more foreign investment, and in order to encourage people to invest their money in Pakistan we have taken measures to ensure the safety of foreign capital and that it is able to earn a fair reward. Very substantial tax reliefs are allowed on capital invested in industry and facilities already exist for sending profits back to the country investing the capital.

Clearly, if the economic development of the country is to proceed

without interruption, we must have, as indeed all nations must have, a long period if not a perpetuity of peace. We are therefore gratified at the recent changes and improvements in the international field which promise peace to a harassed world. We welcome the Soviet peace moves and hope that advantage will be taken of the opportunity in order to dispose of as many of the causes of conflict as possible. The Korean war is at last coming to an end, and particular credit is due to your Government and especially to your Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, for this. We support strongly his proposal for direct talks with the Soviet Union and trust that the proposed Bermuda Conference will pave the way to them. By his attitude in this matter Sir Winston has proved he is not merely the great warrior that we know he is in war but that he is also a great fighter for peace.

In our efforts to build peace we consider the Middle East deserves special attention. We are deeply concerned over the continuance of the Anglo-Egyptian dispute, the Iranian oil dispute, and the Arab-Israeli disputes, and trust that they will all soon be amicably settled. So long as these disputes remain, it will be impossible to secure the co-operation of countries in the Middle East in building up the collective strength of that region, so essential to the preservation of world peace. We consider that war would spell disaster for mankind. We, on our part, are resolved to do whatever we can do to help avert such a catastrophe and strengthen the forces of peace. It is for this reason that I am anxious that Indo-Pakistani disputes, which carry within them the seeds of war for Asia, should be settled. The settlement of these disputes is a matter of over-riding importance to the future of Asia. Once these conflicts are removed, relations between India and Pakistan will be placed on a friendly and co-operative basis. Resources which both countries are now diverting to arming themselves against each other could then be devoted to the great task of raising the deplorably low living standards of the masses in that sub-continent. Their present poverty constitutes in my opinion a serious threat to political stability in Asia. We must do everything in our power to remove it as rapidly as possible.

It is because I am deeply concerned at the urgency of this vital problem that I attach the utmost importance to my present talks with Pandit Nehru. During the past few days he and I have met twice. He is as anxious as I am to see these disputes settled, and our conversations have filled me with the hope that they will be settled. A powerful contribution will then have been made to the strengthening of peace in Asia.

I am heartened, also, by the evidence of increasing awareness in the west of the urgency of promoting the economic welfare of Asia. I am sure that you will agree with me that the prosperity of this vast area with its teeming millions is vital if the forces of democracy are to be strengthened in the free world. Let us pray that we are about to witness the removal of some of those stubborn differences which have been dividing the world and that the fear of war is about to be banished from the earth. A tremendous burden would then be lifted from the minds of men and the enormous resources now spent on armaments would be released for the building of peace and the promotion of human welfare.—*Home Service*

A Commonwealth Stocktaking—IV

The Transatlantic View

By LESTER PEARSON, Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs

IN the bewildering and changing conditions of the present day, we need to understand clearly what the Commonwealth is and what it now means, not only to its own peoples but to the whole world. I, naturally, look at it through Canadian eyes. We Canadians are a North American people, closely associated with the people of the United States and fully aware of the extent to which our destiny is linked with theirs. At the same time, we remain deeply attached to the Commonwealth. At this mid-point in the twentieth century, we are convinced that it has a major contribution to make to the establishment of an enduring peace and to the strength and stability of the free world.

There have been great changes during the sixteen years since the Coronation of King George VI. The human race, poised perilously on a shrinking globe, has armed itself with weapons of such devastating

power that international morality and pacific restraint become imperative even for mere survival. The shadow of aggressive communist imperialism has fallen upon us, and we must do our best to remove it. The peoples of Asia and Africa have been stirred by nationalist aspirations that will not be denied. We must do our best to understand them. This last development has profoundly affected the character and the destiny of the Commonwealth. India, Pakistan, and Ceylon are now fellow-members as free, independent nations. More than ever, our association has become one of people of every race and colour and creed, working together on the basis of equality. There can be no chosen people, no master race in the Commonwealth association.

My own country, Canada, has also seen tremendous changes during this period. It has grown greatly in industrial power, and it is still

expanding and developing in new and exciting fields. But of greater importance even than these outward sinews of our new-found strength are the inner sources of national unity which have been developed over these years. Both outwardly and inwardly, Canada has, I think, come of age; but she has no desire to leave the Commonwealth family in which she has grown up. The last war and its aftermath have seen my country accept responsibilities in the international field which we would hardly have contemplated before 1939. We are no longer so much concerned with the assertion of a nationhood which we can now take for granted. We are more concerned with the search for ways by which, without jeopardising what is essential to our own national freedom, we may share the international responsibilities which all free peoples must accept if liberty is to be maintained and security established.

Mankind's Great Hope

In this search the United Nations is, of course, of paramount importance. With all its faults (which are essentially the faults of its members) it is still the great hope of mankind. But, as we look ahead to the time when the purposes of this universal Charter are translated into reality on a world scale, we recognise the present need for smaller associations of like-minded nations determined to work together in the interests of peace and fuller international co-operation. One of these associations is Nato, which embodies in a practical way the doctrine of collective security laid down in the United Nations Charter. For Canada, Nato reconciles the facts of our North American geography with the equally important facts of our traditional and special links with the United Kingdom and France, as well as the peoples of western Europe.

The Commonwealth is another such association, and for us the oldest and most deeply rooted. To Canadians there is no inconsistency between our membership in Nato and our membership in the Commonwealth. On the contrary, they complement and strengthen one another. It is axiomatic that Canada is interested in Anglo-American co-operation; it is equally axiomatic that peace depends in great measure upon the continuance of this co-operation within the framework of the co-operation of all free peoples. To such co-operation the Commonwealth makes an essential contribution.

The first and obvious sphere in which Atlantic and Commonwealth interests converge is in the protection of the peace. No nations have made a greater contribution to this vital task than the members of the Commonwealth. Of those, it would be ungenerous not to mention especially the United Kingdom, the heart and centre of our league. The steadfast and sturdy people of this kingdom have given the world a lesson in indomitable courage in time of war and in facing the problems that have plagued the post-war period. Another field where the interests of Nato and the Commonwealth converge is that of international trade and economic policy. Here a great responsibility rests upon the United States as well as upon my own country. But the other Commonwealth countries, holding a position of leadership in the sterling area, can do much—and are doing much—to rebuild the foundations of multilateral trade. It is to be hoped that the plans already projected by Commonwealth Governments, combined with the leadership which we have the right to expect from the United States, will set us firmly on this road with a minimum of delay. Nothing today is more important to the well being of free nations, or to their ability to withstand long-range threats to their security, than this form of economic co-operation.

I have already referred to Asian nationalism and the emergence of India, Pakistan, and Ceylon as independent states and members of the Commonwealth. Few developments of recent years have so caught the imagination of Canadians. Perhaps this is partly because these countries came on the international scene when Canada was for the first time compelled by the surge of world events to take a serious interest in Asia. But I think it was mainly because we instinctively felt that a new era was opening for the Commonwealth when these peoples, the inheritors of great civilisations, chose, of their own free will, to remain in this family association of nations which spreads across the globe. Through the Commonwealth Colombo Plan and related programmes of assistance, we can give these newer Commonwealth countries technical and material help. We can do more. We can give them sympathy and understanding and support in their new aspirations. In their turn, they can give us fresh knowledge and appreciation of their way of life, from which we of the west may gain much.

This exchange is not, of course, confined to the Commonwealth. Many other western nations, notably the United States, have close relations with our Asian partners of the Commonwealth; and many non-Com-

monwealth countries in Asia are actively connected with nations of the west. Nevertheless, the Commonwealth is today probably the strongest bridge between free Asia and the west. And it is of vital importance to both that it be maintained; indeed, it must be maintained if the new Commonwealth is to survive and develop.

There are dangers ahead. Between the west and the free countries of Asia there are occasionally signs of mutual misunderstanding and even tension. We should resist such tendencies by doing everything we can to give each other as accurate a picture of our respective views and purposes as possible; and, on matters in which the countries of a particular area are directly concerned, we should strengthen the practice of frank and continuous consultation which is characteristic of the Commonwealth. Another danger is that we of the west, through preoccupation with more immediate ends, might fail to afford the free nations of Asia the support they need to develop their economies and prove to their peoples the value of democratic processes. There are limits to what the west can do under present circumstances when defence needs must have priority. But I suggest that if we fail to do what we can to help India or Pakistan or Ceylon, and show free Asia that the democratic way of life is preferable to the communist, we shall not only weaken Asia, we shall weaken ourselves.

In this series of talks, you will have turned your thoughts to the four corners of the globe. You have heard four different viewpoints; yet, at the same time, you will have noticed that we all speak as members of a single international family. Talks of this kind bring home the most obvious feature of the Commonwealth—its unity in diversity. It is diverse racially and geographically. To some extent it is diverse economically and politically. But in many fields it is capable of significant co-operation and collective action. Furthermore, there is in the Commonwealth always the desire to work together, to see each other's point of view, even when that desire does not express itself in immediate agreement. This last is no small thing, for, when divisions rack the world, plain friendship between nation and nation is worth more than we often realise.

A somewhat cynical observer once wrote: 'The Commonwealth appears . . . to be no more than an alumni association . . . whose independent-spirited, self-willed members, presided over by their former headmaster, recognise no other obligations toward one another than may be prompted by the heart or by considerations of enlightened self-interest'. While we may concede a certain half-truth to this analysis, it confuses form with substance, and it passes over too casually the pull of sentiment and custom and enlightened self-interest which draws us together. Shakespeare put our case better when he wrote: 'Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel'. Of course, we of the Commonwealth enjoy the friendship of many nations outside it, but there is a special quality, certainly indefinable, in the Commonwealth relationship. This is derived from our history, from the memory—and the present experience—of great struggles honourably shared; even from deep differences and conflicts honourably settled.

The Spirit of Magna Carta

There is something else: for all our local difference, the characteristic approach of Commonwealth countries to national and international problems combines liberty with authority and tempers firmness with reason. We still endeavour to govern in the spirit of Magna Carta, maintaining parliamentary institutions which differ little one from another, preserving the rule of law, and respecting the fundamental rights of individuals. Whatever the reasons may be, we in the Commonwealth respect one another, sit down easily together to talk over common problems, and get a great number of important things done in an informal but effective way. Even when we disagree, we usually do so with understanding and without bitterness.

The Commonwealth has adjusted itself pragmatically and gracefully to a long series of changing circumstances. I do not suggest that we should be complacent about this; even the most adaptable species is mortal and there are pitfalls ahead. But if the Commonwealth remains in step with the evolution of our time, I am sure that it can face the future with hope and with confidence.—*Home Service*

On the eve of the Queen's visit to Scotland the Stationery Office has published a picture book called *Scotland Today*, price 3s. 6d., prepared by the Scottish Office and the Central Office of Information. The author, William M. Ballantine, relates the history of his country with its industry, agriculture, and other modern activities.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Royal Visit to Scotland

IT is a little island and it has often been conquered'. That is what a historically-minded American is reported to have observed once on reaching the cliffs of Dover. Similarly, it might be said of Scotland that it is a little kingdom and it has often been fought over. Indeed few countries can have had a more warlike history than Scotland, at least until 1745. Passionate loyalties have called out the clans in the wake of a Bruce or an Argyll. The modern records of Scottish soldiers in the service of the Crown are unsurpassed. And today, still, whenever we see a Highland regiment marching to the music of the bagpipes we recall that ancient fighting spirit.

Next week in her Coronation tour of Scotland Her Majesty the Queen will have the opportunity of testing the loyalty of the Scots. It must be remembered that in spite of the propinquity of the two nations the association of the English and Scottish peoples under one Crown has not been very long. It was by no means certain when the first Queen Elizabeth died that King James VI of Scotland would be summoned to the throne of England; and when he came he was the ruler of two realms with different histories and constitutional structures. In England he perceived the glare of divine right, but in Scotland he had been 'God's Silly Vassal'. And it was the attempt made by his son to impose a liturgy similar to the English on the Scottish Church which opened the way to civil war. Indeed, it would be no undue simplification of our history to say that the greater part of the political turmoil in England in the seventeenth century was caused by relations with Scotland. And had the Scots won the battle of Dunbar (as on paper they should have done) the Stuarts might have reigned in Scotland, while a Cromwellian dynasty established itself in England. It was not until after the last Stuart, Queen Anne, came to the throne that the Act of Union was arranged. Even then nationalist Scots have always regretted the loss of their old parliament in Edinburgh, while not a few look back nostalgically to the Stuart line whose claimants abandoned their thrones rather than forgo their religion.

Since the time of the Stuarts our monarchs—notably Queen Victoria—have been regular visitors to Scotland, though in recent years Balmoral has probably been more often used than Holyroodhouse. (Some writers—not Scots—have even affirmed that Queen Victoria 'put Scotland on the map'!) But it is startling to be told that it is over 100 years since the Honours of Scotland were ceremonially used by a British monarch. Now they are to be carried in procession when the Queen drives from Princes Street station to Holyroodhouse. Once again the eyes and ears of the world will be upon the Queen's performance of her duties. For one thing will be unique about this occasion. The resources of the B.B.C. for television as well as sound broadcasting will be mobilised and concentrated upon the Royal visit to Scotland. The movements of no British monarch have been so closely watched, surveyed, described, and commented upon. Ten cameras are to be employed in covering the procession and eleven in televising the service which is to be held in St. Giles' Cathedral on June 24. The Queen will be accompanied by Prince Philip, who was educated in Scotland and propitiously bears in his ducal title the name of the Scottish capital, perhaps the most beautiful town of its size in all the British Isles. We must wish them both good luck on this important visit and—what is more, after the disappointing experiences of the past two or three weeks—royal weather.

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on the new Communist policy in Germany

LAST WEEK commentators divided their attention between a number of significant developments in the conflict between east and west: the prospects of an early truce in Korea, the reversal of Communist policy in the Soviet zone of Germany following upon the relaxation of Soviet control there and in Austria, the admission by the President of Czechoslovakia that there had been protests and riots there as a result of the currency reform, and the results of the Italian elections.

On June 10 it was announced from eastern Germany that sweeping measures were to be taken, reversing previous Communist policy in the Soviet zone. These measures, said the statement issued by the Politburo of the Socialist Unity (Communist) Party, were designed to correct previous mistakes by the Party and Government which had led many to flee to western Germany. But their main purpose was 'to facilitate the rapprochement between the two halves of Germany'. The establishment of German unity and the signing of a peace treaty were also given, in an east German government statement, as the reasons for the agreement reached the same day with the German Evangelical Church. On June 12 the east German Prime Minister, Herr Grotewohl, announced that hundreds of school teachers and high-school pupils who had been dismissed for 'ideological' reasons were to be reinstated. Conversion to marxism, he admitted, could not be achieved by decree. On the following day the official Soviet newspaper in eastern Germany, *Taegliche Rundschau*, was quoted as endorsing the new policy changes and admitting that the former Soviet Control Commission must bear its share of responsibility for the mistakes that had been made, which had aroused unrest and feelings of insecurity in eastern Germany. On the same day *Neues Deutschland* was quoted for an attack on state officials who had been guilty of grossly underestimating the political significance of the mass of citizens who had fled from eastern Germany. On June 14 Berlin radio broadcast a speech by the senior Burgomaster of east Berlin, Herr Ebert, in which he stated:

We have made mistakes which would have led to dire consequences. We are resolved, not only to correct these mistakes, but to introduce a fundamental change in our policy. We must re-examine the whole basis of our policy in all spheres of our political, economic and cultural life.

It was also announced that Herr Ebert had ordered the immediate release of all people in the Soviet zone serving prison sentences of up to three years for violations of economic regulations.

Reaction in western Germany, while welcoming this new policy, for the most part described it as a tactical move rather than a change of heart. But commentators also stressed another very important thing. As one Christian Democrat spokesman was quoted as saying: the new turn of events in eastern Germany proved that a policy of firmness towards Russia eventually elicits concessions. The right-wing *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* was quoted as follows:

It shows, when seen together with Russian moves in Korea and Austria, that the Soviet Union is putting forward a new foreign policy with big aims and big stakes. Almost at the last moment they have learned that it is not enough to talk peace, but that it is also necessary to show signs of good will. The proposals put forward by the British Prime Minister now acquire a new importance.

From Switzerland, *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* was quoted as taking it for granted that Moscow is doing its best to jeopardise Dr. Adenauer's policy with an eye on the coming elections in western Germany. From France, the left-wing *Combat* was quoted for the view that the new policy was designed to calm discontent in the satellite countries, to impose four-power talks on Germany and to try to slow down the building of the western defence system. These interpretations tended to be confirmed by a Berlin broadcast a few hours before the announcement of the new policy, quoting *Neues Deutschland* on the 'lesson' for Germany of the Panmunjom agreement (which was presented as a victory for Soviet policy and the 'peace' movement). The 'German Syngman Rhee', Adenauer, said the broadcast, was doing everything in his power to prevent negotiations between Germany and the Four Powers. What, therefore, was the lesson of Panmunjom for the German people?

More than ever the German people must fight for the solution of the German problem by negotiation . . . Panmunjom teaches us that the path of negotiation is the successful one.

Did You Hear That?

UNASHAMED COCKNEY

'THE LONDONER'S SPEECH-FORM, according to Professor Ernest Weekly, is a "noble blend of East Mercian, Kentish, and East Anglian, which, written by Chaucer, printed by Caxton, spoken by Spenser and Milton... has, in modified form and with artificial pronunciation, given us the literary English of the present day". Hence', said JULIAN FRANKLYN in a talk in the Home Service, 'there is no need for those of us who speak with a light Cockney accent to feel ashamed, and acquire in its stead the false "refained" tone that makes "how now brown cow" into "hoow noow brenn coow". Good, honest, deep Cockney—"ahr nah breahn cah"—is far preferable.

'You can no more successfully eradicate "the Cockney twang" without intensive speech training than elude a family likeness without

resorting to plastic-surgery: indeed, the two things are closely connected. The Cockney masses are endogamous—that is to say, they "marry within the tribe", which in their case is the locality. Before the blitz redistributed the population it was common to find only two or three prevailing surnames over a large area. Similar characteristics are intensified in the children. Hence the nerves and muscles that govern the human sound-producing mechanism, conditioned by identity of accent in both parents, produce an actual physical tendency to develop the local dialect, which cannot be successfully imitated by others.

'When we sing that charming song, "Oh, we'm coom oop from Zummer-zet", we, and our auditors, are satisfied with our representation of the Somerset dialect. Nobody except a native of that county can fail to recognise it. Precisely the same may be said of mimicry of the Cockney dialect. In non-Cockney society singers delight their friends with "Doin' the Lam-buff whk!" Physical conditioning causes natural speakers of Cockney to keep the teeth clenched, and the lips rigid. Cockney volubility, coupled with speed of delivery, further distorts words so that "Lambeth" is cut up into three syllables. Then these are telescoped so as to over-lap, thus shortening and intensifying it. Because of the narrow exit afforded by the barely parted lips, some of the word is forced down the nose. Lambeth becomes "Lee-an-berf"—squeezed down to "Leeanberf". This influences the contours of the words preceding and following it. "The" becomes "na", "walk" becomes "whk", thus: "Doin na Leeanberf whk".

'It is, however, quite impossible to write Cockney dialect. The nearer the phonetic spelling approximates to the sounds, the more puzzling to the reader's eye do the distorted words become and, what is more, no combination of letters can convey an idea of many of the sounds the speech organs produce. Nor can they, even when accented, fully indicate tone and inflection; hence book-Cockney and stage-Cockney are both built to a formula, and neither is even nearly correct.

'Writers are more to be pitied in this matter than are speakers. A first-class actor, blessed with abnormal flexibility of the speech organs, who will study his lines intensively and practise assiduously, may, when acting a Cockney part, put over a convincing performance; but he is apt to be constrained by the author's ineptitude. He may not have been so foolish as to attempt to write Cockney dialect, but there still remains the possibility that he has not written the kind of thing a Cockney would say, in the way he would say it. For example, after the Munich

crisis, when cold realisation crept over us, in typically English fashion we hid our embarrassment behind a joke. This told how a Cockney, riding on a bus, blurted out, apropos nothing, for the edification of the passengers: "'E 'adn't a oughta went!" The fact is no Cockney would have constructed such a sentence. He would have said: "'E never aw-oer gawn!"

GOATS WITH AN UNCERTAIN HISTORY

'The history of the goats of the Welch Regiment is uncertain before 1841', said J. S. BRADFORD in a Home Service talk, 'when their then colonel had one for a personal pet. The story of those of the Fusiliers, though, goes back to the days of the American War of Inde-

pendence when one goat certainly was present at the battle of Bunker Hill. Thereafter they have continued in unbroken succession, arrayed perhaps even more gloriously than was Solomon, next to the Colours, the centre of regimental pride.

'The Sherwood Foresters acquired their first ram, Derby I, in the Indian Mutiny and since then all such mascots have been christened Derby with the appropriate numeral following. The Royal Warwickshire Regiment first adopted the Black Buck, the emblem of their regimental crest, in 1871. These are the true regimental mascots of the army; permanent symbols perhaps of a colonel's one-time whim, or the jest of an unknown private.

'But there have been many similar mascots which have accompanied other regiments of the British Army into battle, lived with them and been loved by them for all their lives, and then, dying, have not been replaced. They have left behind only such mementoes as their own silver-mounted hoofs, gilded statuettes of themselves, or a quaint imprint on regimental custom which is still carefully cherished.

'The list of these animals, when you come to look at it, is bewildering. It includes a hen and goose, bears and

a panther, the inevitable elephant and a brace of cows, Bertha and Bella, found by a battalion of the Scots Guards in a deserted barn in Flanders in 1914. They religiously provided the officers' mess with fresh milk throughout those four long years of unpleasantness.

'Muriel the Pig became famous as the mascot of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Only, it must be recorded officially that she was no domestic animal by birth: just a young squeaker of the wild boar variety found in the jungle in India in 1919'.

THE MAKING OF A SPA

'Early in July in the year 1788 the doctors who attended George III decided that he should drink the waters of Cheltenham and there enjoy a peaceful, restful spell', said BRYAN LITTLE in a talk in the Midland Home Service. 'So plans were quickly made, a house was taken, and on July 12 the royal party made the day-long journey from Windsor. Queen Charlotte was with the King, also his three eldest daughters, the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth. There were no soldiers to act as guards, for when someone asked the King which guards he would choose to attend him he had answered, "I shall take no guards. Can I have better guards than my people?" We have vivid descriptions of the visit in the newspapers of the time, and



Mascot of the 1st Battalion the Royal Welch Fusiliers boarding a troopship at Southampton in 1951

in the diary of one of Queen Charlotte's two Maids of Honour. The lady concerned was Fanny Burney, already famous as a writer and as the authoress of the best-selling novel *Evelina*.

For Cheltenham itself the visit of the King and his family was a great occasion. Those five weeks laid the real foundations for the spa's famous fortunes and development. Cheltenham had not, before 1788, been in quite the front rank of prominence, but now with the King down in Gloucestershire the little spa at once became all the rage and its name was on everyone's lips. The London shops even sold what they called "Cheltenham bonnets", "Cheltenham buttons", and "Cheltenham buckles", and of course there was a shortage of lodgings, with fabulous prices asked for those available. More lasting was the good effect on Cheltenham's reputation. George III's visit proved to be only the first of many by members of our own and other royal families.

Cheltenham itself was not the only place to see the King in person. His routine was to ride out most mornings into the surrounding district; he took a great liking to it and declared some months later that the Vale of Gloucester was the finest part of his kingdom he had beheld. Sometimes his journeys took him considerable distances from Cheltenham, and on these occasions the Queen and Princesses drove in carriages. "The Royals", as Fanny Burney styled them in her diary, took the opportunity to do some sightseeing. They also paid calls on some of the neighbouring nobility and gentry, and wherever he could the King showed his interest in trade and industry by visiting factories.

When the King visited Gloucester he saw the cathedral and visited the Bishop in the palace. But he also went over a pin factory and called at the infirmary. In addition, he was shown over the new prison, not yet finished and being built for the "solitary confinement" imprisonment laid down by the great penal reformer, Howard. The longest trip away takes us out of Gloucestershire, for it was to Worcester, to be present at the Three Choirs Festival.

When at last the King and his party left for Windsor on August 16 the newspapers, after remarking that "every man is his lifeguard man", assured their readers that "never did a monarch gain the hearts of his people more than our gracious King has those of this country". The "Cheltenham episode", as Fanny Burney called it, did, I think, mark a very real and important stage in the development of the friendly democratic monarchy that Gloucestershire and all England take today as a matter of course.

ALL SHAPES AND SIZES

'It is a far cry from the miserable goldfish cooped up in a glass bowl to a modern aquarium with its living plants and its brilliantly coloured fish. Indeed, I think one of the main reasons why so many people keep an aquarium is that they form living pictures', said WILLIAM ASPDEN in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'Certainly, the exhibits in the recent exhibition given by the National Aquarists' Society in London were most exciting. Many of the fish were as variously coloured as budgerigars and canaries.

'Just as there are no wild yellow canaries or blue budgerigars, so there are no wild forms of some of the fish shown in the exhibition. They are bred for their colour and shape. The Japanese have specialised for centuries in the production of varieties of the carp family—goldfish, that is. There are "veil-tails" with such over-developed tails and fins that they can hardly swim; "celestials" with creamy, wing-like tails and fins, and eyes which look eternally heavenwards so that the poor things cannot see where

they are going. They are man-made and quite remarkable freaks. Some species of tropical fish are, of course, given to great variation, and it is said that no two of the ever-popular guppies are exactly alike. As a result, guppies are now being bred in endless varieties, and experimenters have succeeded in producing some which are as varied in colour and form as Japanese goldfish.

In one tank there was a pair of Siamese fighting fish—dark, rosy-red creatures, the males of which hate all other males of their own species. It is impossible to keep two cock fish of this species in the same tank, though, oddly enough, they live quite amicably with other species. The cock fighting fish starts blowing bubbles at breeding time, and forms a sort of floating mass of these bubbles on the water surface, and in that strange bubble mass the eggs are laid. In another tank, together with a number of other species, was a pair of blind fish. They come from pools and streams in the deep underground caverns in Mexico. These fish have a bleached, bloodless appearance and no eyes at all. They swim about as actively as any other fish and never collide with each other or the plants and stones in the tank. There were specimens of the smallest known fish, the mosquito fish from the Florida swamps; of fish with swivel eyes, and fish which lit up with vivid colour when excited.

PERSONALITIES AMONG HENS

'From each batch of chickens that we rear', said ELSPETH HAWTHORNTHWAITE in 'The Northcountryman', 'some become personalities. So there have been Goldilocks, who lays her eggs into our hands, and Albert, the Sussex cock, who would leave his concourse of wives and come from two fields away to answer his name. When he was ill he staggered into the kitchen and spent the day perched on the cross-bars of the gate-leg table. This year there is Joshua, the bantam cock, who blows his shrill trumpet as if the walls of Jericho itself must fall down, and his wife, Brown Collar, who is obviously conscience-stricken as she squeezes under the gate into the forbidden garden and, disarmingly, lays her eggs on the doorstep. They are the latest in a succession of bantams which started when my daughter was given two laying bantams for her fourth birthday. With immense pride of ownership and the complete inconsequence of the young she promptly called them Salvage and Orange.

'Salvage was black—jet black, emphasised by her deep-cut scarlet comb and the one curved white wing feather which matched the white wattles on her cheeks. Her whole life was dedicated to laying her round creamy eggs. Regularly, year after year, she laid for five days and then rested for one.

'The other bantam soon became known as just "the bantam" or Banty, as if no other bantam of such character had ever existed. She was small and neat, the colour of the wet autumn beech leaves where she scratched so busily while the light lasted, and each tiny feather was pencilled in with black.

'Like Salvage, Banty laid well—a rich brown egg. She laid regularly for ten days, then she went broody. When Banty was broody nothing would move her. All the ordinary methods of what the north country calls "banishing a clocker"—a broody hen—to start her laying again, were unavailing. She would blatantly steal as many eggs as she could gather under her, and stretch her tiny body over. Even when she was thrown off the nest into a gale of wind she merely parachuted into the open field, where she sat, an indignant brown speck, still in the position of covering her eggs and letting flow a string of voluble curses'.



The main street of St. Anne, Alderney. The town was described in a recent broadcast in the West of England Home Service

A. F. Kersting

Germany: The Two Nations

By TERENCE PRITTIE

IN the past two years plenty of things have happened which have made the division of Germany begin to look final. Many of these things have been the fruits of the unchanging Soviet policy of developing eastern Germany as part of their 'cordon insulaire' against western democracy. In a purely negative sense, the Western Powers have also contributed to the division of Germany by a steady refusal to be drawn by alternative Russian plans for the neutralisation of a disarmed Germany or of a rearmed Germany, or a reversion to the principles of Potsdam. The Germans, too, have contributed—although they would be the last people in the world to admit to the fact.

Refugee Problem

Recently I asked one west German Land Minister for refugee problems how he would deal with the question of the east German refugees, who since the beginning of this year have been flooding into Berlin and on to the Federal Republic at an average rate of some 1,000 a day*. This Minister is generally regarded as a kindly and conscientious man, but his answer was: 'Only one in ten of east German refugees has really suffered persecution. The rest are just looking for a more comfortable existence—at our expense. They ought to be sent straight home from Berlin'. It was nonsense, the Minister went on, to suppose that such people would suffer reprisals. It took only a day or two to get to Berlin from any place in eastern Germany, and it would take even less than that to get back again—for there would be no need for secrecy or for travelling on slow local trains whose passengers do not undergo a routine police-check. These refugees, he considered, were a *Belastung*—a burden—on the Federal State. Their treatment was a matter for the police, and not the responsibility of Laender and Federal authorities who had had 10,000,000 on their minds for eight years.

Ignoring the mixed misery and wistful hopes of the thousands of east Germans who line the Kuno Fischer Strasse in west Berlin waiting to be registered, this Minister told me: 'Such people should stay where they are. It is doubly important if they are opponents of the Communist regime there. Otherwise, middle Germany will be emptied of the very people who support democracy and it will be bolshevised all the sooner'. There is a certain brutal logic in this attitude of mind, but there is a greater element of resentment and a certain fear of those 'lean and hungry kine' of the Soviet Zone who might one day gobble up their fat, federal neighbours. Every German likes to have a grudge, and the tough, stolid, unloved easterners constitute a pretty good grievance by their very presence in the Federal Republic. One Rhinelander told me that these east Germans were 'difficult, awkward people who brought Hitler to power and who started the second world war'. A Bavarian once explained to me what rubbish it was to suppose that people from different parts of Germany got on any worse with each other than people from, say, different parts of Britain. I asked him if it was not a fact that most Bavarians disliked Prussians. 'Ah, yes', he said, with great seriousness. 'But that's different. You, as an Englishman, may not realise that every Prussian is—an utter swine'. The Soviet Zone is all that is left of Prussia today.

East Germany, and Berlin, too, for that matter, are looked on as liabilities by most of the 48,000,000 west Germans. Trade contact with eastern Germany is slow, unsafe, and insufficient. Social contact is largely limited to the dispatch of food parcels to people living on a 1,500-calories ration scale. Political interest has been reduced to the unanimous passing of windy resolutions in the Bonn Parliament. Berlin is even more of a sore point, for the Federal Government must contribute to its upkeep and the Ministry of Finance maintains that each year it is costing more. Two years ago aid to Berlin was assessed at around 300,000,000 marks a year: now a figure of 800,000,000 is quoted, along with the facts that Berlin still has 300,000 unemployed and still lags behind the pace of west German economic recovery. The stigma of the tiresome and unwanted poor relation has been attached to the former capital.

Lack of interest in eastern Germany has never been more marked than during the past two months, while the campaign against the

churches has been getting fully under way. Apart from its early symptoms—discrimination against Bible classes, imprisonment of a few ministers of religion—this campaign is an attack on the Christian faith. Communist rowdies have broken up church services. Communist lampoons have propagated blasphemies; the Communist youth newspaper has openly stated that there is no place in modern society for a God or a heaven. And, as an attack on the Christian faith, this campaign has a huge historical significance. It is the first great wedge driven into Protestant northern Europe by the protagonists of atheism and dialectical materialism. It is a test-case in history.

The west German press and public have taken next to no interest in this anti-Church campaign. Its daily incidents have taken a far less prominent place in the newspapers than such questions as the proposed reduction of the tax on tea and the implications of a new civil service law. Only one or two Christian Democratic papers and the American-run *Neue Zeitung* take the trouble to make any inquiries of their own. Nothing could be more indicative of the fact that eastern Germany is being increasingly treated as a foreign country.

Germans have no illusions about the part played by either the Russians or the Western Powers in this development. A recent cartoon in *Die Welt* showed Russian and western statesmen entering a conference room. The conference table is being supported by the German 'Michel' but he has been neatly sliced down the middle and so converted into two convenient table legs. Suspicion of the west—as well as the Russians—is implicit in what one of the leader-writers of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* recently had to say: 'The debates in the Council of Europe have shown with shocking clarity that there are influential circles in the west who are not remotely interested in the reunification of Germany'. What, wrote the *Düsseldorfer Mittag*, was Churchill thinking about when he talked of a second Locarno? 'Is he ready to write off the lands east of the Oder-Neisse line in return for German reunification?' And if so, does he expect the Federal Republic to guarantee the Oder-Neisse line? The German touchiness comes out in the sentence: 'Churchill seems to be ready to offer a high price for the termination of the cold war—a price which not he but others will have to pay'.

The *Mittag* writes in a peevish mood. It is otherwise with the Bonn *Foreign Affairs Correspondence*, a weekly news-sheet which propagates the cause of German unity with the utmost vigour. Its last issue, in May, points out that Churchill did not mention German unity in his 'Locarno speech', but that the British Foreign Office later stated that the Bonn and Paris agreements showed that this was an objective of the Western Powers. The *Foreign Affairs Correspondence* finds this statement extremely sinister, for it maintains that those agreements presuppose a Russian capitulation in central and eastern Europe. The Kremlin had, in fact, 'been told, indirectly, that it could regard the division of Germany as being final'. The news-sheet advocates a 'return to Potsdam' as the only way of ending German disunity—in fact, what the Russians are at present proposing themselves.

Desire for Discussions between Russia and America

The Bonn *Foreign Affairs Correspondence* expresses a dissatisfaction with the west which is daily becoming more prevalent in western Germany. This mood is based on western discouragement of inter-zonal trade, on western reluctance to be drawn into four-power talks, on the known French fear of a united Germany becoming the dominating factor in Europe. It is based on anger over the refusal of the British and the Americans to intervene in the Saar dispute, pique over their failure to invite Germany into Nato, and deep doubt as to whether the west will ever take the initiative in the cold war. There is a growing desire in Germany to see some sort of discussions between Russia and America, or on the four-power level, and this desire was well expressed in a letter to the paper *Das Ganze Deutschland*. The writer, who gave a Berlin address, asked for talks between America and Russia—'the only two powers that matter'. He thought insistence on all German elections unnecessary and the building up of a European Army inadvisable. He wanted political action.

This demand for action will in time produce curious German proposals. I shall cite only one which has already been made. The German historian, Hermann Rauschning, recently suggested that Russia should be given what he called 'a free hand' in the Middle East in return for withdrawal from central Europe. This is the kind of woolly and utterly impracticable proposal which any German would support if it only brought the end of the cold war in his own country, the lifting of the Iron Curtain, and the regaining of at least parts of those eastern provinces. It may be that the west will be blamed for not listening to such proposals. It is sure that the west is suspected of having no overall German policy—apart from that misty equation, 'forcing concessions out of the Russians by treating from a position of strength', an equation which one of the highest Allied officials here told me a fortnight ago he did not 'begin to understand'. American policy, according to the Bonn *Foreign Affairs Correspondence*, is 'in the twilight' and 'leading Germany into a labyrinth'. 'American policy', a German business man told me more bluntly, 'is concerned mainly with procuring German cannon fodder. Soon we shall hear again the word of command—"Germans to the front"—and have the pleasure of converting our country into a recruiting base and a manoeuvring area for the Atlantic Alliance'. By 'American policy' Germans mean western policy in general.

Outstanding Features of Soviet Policy

In an age of unenlightened self-interest it is hardly surprising that the west Germans devote so little attention to events in eastern Germany. Yet these deserve a note, if only because Soviet policy there is so often misinterpreted. Its four outstanding features are the Bolshevisation of the means of material existence, the transformation of eastern Germany into the workshop of the eastern bloc, the elimination of all democratic thought, and the gradual evolution of a *cadre* Communist Party which may have one day to hold down a fully fledged satellite state. This fundamental policy of consolidation of the Soviet hold on eastern Germany has never wavered, for it can always be turned to Russia's advantage. The west can be asked to make concessions in return for the 'de-bolshevisation' of the Soviet Zone; or a solid defensive buffer can be built up for a Russia which has never rid itself of persecution mania. Either way, Russia benefits.

The process of Soviet consolidation never halts. Take, for instance, the month of May. Eastern Germany signed a trade pact with Russia which meant that forty-two per cent. of its exports go to the Soviet Union. A few days later the nationalisation of the remnants of the wholesale trade was announced. A week after that, plans were published for the replacing of dismantled railway track between eastern Germany and Poland and for the stepping up of goods traffic between the two. And within another week there was news that the east German workers were to raise their 'production norms' by ten per cent. from June 1. The Stakhanovite system was being geared up. East Germany's communications with Russia were being reorganised. Bolshevisation of industry was being pushed a stage further. East Germany was being linked more closely, economically, with the rest of the eastern bloc. Such is the tempo and the rhythm of Soviet policy.

There are, in Federal Germany, a few groups of people who observe the widening of the gap between east and west Germany, and draw their conclusions. Such is the 'Koenigsteiner Circle' of exiled east Germans who are working out the necessary economic and political conditions for German reunification. Such is the 'Paul Binder Circle' of Stuttgart economists. Such, too, is the Bonn 'Association of Independent Business Men'. All these groups interest themselves in the ultimate process of German reunification, produce 'school solutions' of the problems which will arise then. Some of these findings concern a future in focus. Thus, it is impossible to visualise the reversal of east German land reform. A peasant proprietary has been created and cannot be swept away. Whether or not Germany is reunified, the independent fifteen-acre holding will have to be subsidised by the state. The agrarian revolution cannot be countermanded.

It is difficult to foresee a reversal of the deliberate industrialisation of east Germany. There, steel production has been raised 500,000 tons above the pre-war average of 1,200,000 tons a year. The supply of electric power has gone up fifty per cent. in two years. Efforts have been made to develop new hard-coal fields and to extract coking coal from open-cast workings. Production of chemicals has risen thirty per cent. in two years. These figures tell the story of a relatively successful east German effort to become the most important industrial area in central Europe after the Ruhr.

The 'Koenigsteiner Circle' has arrived at some interesting findings which show that huge sums of money would have to be pumped into east Germany in order to stabilise its internal financial situation and avert inflation. Even bigger sums would be necessary to back the east German mark, which would have to be dealt in at parity with the solid west German 'D' mark. Foodstuffs and consumer goods of all kinds would have to be bought in order to restock a semi-bankrupt and semi-starving Soviet zone. No one knows what all this would cost western Germany, but one economist has made an estimate of 12,000,000,000 marks for each of the first three years after reunification. Western Germany would have to pay through the nose for the support of the Soviet zone, would have to find a dole for at least 1,000,000 unemployed, and to undertake a costly revision of the east German system of taxation. It would have to eliminate uneconomic industries and bolster up the agricultural production needed by an over-populated Federal Germany. It would have, in fact, to reorientate a systematically misdirected east German economy.

The fact is that Germany has not just been temporarily divided. She is developing into two separate nations. That is why the ten per cent. or so of west Germans who today talk about German reunification are deeply worried. That is why the remaining ninety per cent. will have plenty to say when the west begins—as vaguely visualised—to 'treat with the Russians from a position of strength'. That is why the Germans—once they begin to rearm in the western cause—may be embarrassingly anxious to provide more divisions. It may be that the first ten divisions will only be fully organised by the end of 1955; it may equally be that an extra ten will be on offer a year later. And Germans who are allowed to play more than their due part in western defence will want plenty in return. They already regard the return of middle Germany and the eastern provinces as no more than their due.

The Germany of two nations seems to produce two potential dangers. The first is the tendency of many Germans to hark back to the Bismarckian alliance with Russia. This alliance has a historical continuity in Rapallo, the 1926 trade agreement, the Stalin-Ribbentrop pact, the aims of those German 'resisters' who wanted a deal with Russia, the post-war plans of the 'Brotherhood', even in such political excrescences as the Remerites and the followers of ex-Chancellor Joseph Wirth. The Bismarckian school points to the obvious economic advantages of a German-Russian entente, to the uncertainties of western European integration, and to the unlikelihood of concessions being wrung from the Russians without recourse to brute force.

The Germans and Their Spring-board

The second danger is the same which a householder risks by teaching a dog to growl but not to bite. The west Germans may become quite unexpectedly keen and vigorous allies, with the capacity of the Rugby football middle-row forward for pushing straight into the ruck. But there will be an element of science in their actions. They expect—and have a right to expect—western backing for legitimate aims. The Refugee Press Service recently published an article pointing out that Federal Germany 'faced westwards' towards Paris and Rome, but that the river Rhine is 'moving steadily east' and leaving high and dry the towns which were once on its banks, Cleves, Xanten, Kalkar. The Rhine was 'showing an appropriate political instinct' and the underlying moral should be clear. Germany can be the spring-board for the diplomatic and, maybe, military counter-offensive against the east, but the Germans themselves will have the ultimate say-so with regard to use of the spring-board. German rearmament will not just confirm German sovereignty, but it will give the Germans the chance of recapturing the diplomatic initiative in central Europe. And what will result from that, nobody has the faintest idea.—*Third Programme*

Representatives from over thirty countries attended the twenty-fifth International Congress of the P.E.N. which ended its meetings in Dublin last Saturday. The theme of the Congress was the literature of countries whose language restricts wide recognition; a number of papers were read on this subject, and plans were made for P.E.N. to collaborate with Unesco in producing translations of works of literary merit. Among the other resolutions passed was one expressing the hope that contact might be maintained between writers the world over in spite of differences of regime or the opposition of governments, and reminding all members of P.E.N. centres that 'they are failing to respect their oath if they tolerate in silence restrictions of any kind on the freedom of thought and expression in the countries which they inhabit'. In succession to the late Benedetto Croce Mr. Charles Morgan was elected International President of P.E.N.

The Bicentenary of the British Museum—II

ANGUS WILSON on the Reading Room

TO present the Reading Room of the British Museum to listeners to the Third Programme would seem at first sight to be a peculiarly otiose task. After all, the products of research in that famous room, the fruits of that vast library, are their daily diet. Students of English history may have heard a recent talk on the re-estimation of George III and eighteenth-century politics based on the researches of Sir Lewis Namier—much of Sir Lewis' research was carried out at the British Museum. Those who are interested in the history of geography and exploration will have heard Professor Taylor's talks; she, too, is a familiar figure in the Reading Room. So is Professor Isaacs, whose talks on contemporary literature were so popular a feature last year. Such radio favourites, if they will excuse my describing them in this way, as Miss Veronica Wedgwood, Miss Rose Macaulay, and Mr. Christopher Sykes are regular visitors.

In the musical field, too, so notable a series as the selection from *Musica Britannica*—surely the backbone of Third Programme culture, as of the lowbrow's music-hall reaction to it—could not, I would suggest, have existed without the resources of the British Museum, both printed and manuscript: or, to mention a more exotic musical event, the performance of Charpentier's 'Médée'. Surely the cultured listener needs no introduction to the national library. And yet I am not sure. My own experience suggests otherwise. May I speak for a moment of a lesson I have learnt in lifemanship. I am thinking of that awful social moment when one is asked that curiously personal, yet so frequent question: 'What *exactly* do you do?' Sometimes, in unguarded moments, I reply, 'Oh, I write, you know'. 'A writer? How exciting! What *sort* of books do you write?' There can be few authors, I imagine, who do not seek to avoid that particular social remark, and the irritating tone of patronage in which it is usually uttered. I have always held myself lucky in having an alternative, more auspicious answer. To the impertinent questioner I can reply, with what I hope is a suitable mixture of personal modesty and official pride, 'I help to superintend the Reading Room of the British Museum'.



The Reading Room of the British Museum—still 'substantially the same as it was in 1857'
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Yet, even here, the comments of the questioner do not always seem to me either entirely happy or apt. If the questioner is a foreigner, the response is invariably and satisfactorily awe-struck. 'You work at the British? But what a wonderful job!' People from abroad, it seems, have a greater reverence for the services of scholarship—or is it that great institutions inspire greater respect when they are not in one's own land? However that may be, the response of English people does not always seem to me quite so adequate. Three typical comments spring immediately to my mind. The egotistical: 'How interesting! Is it true that you have everything that's published? I wonder if you have the old Mendipollian's mag. I must come and look it up some time. It contains my one literary effusion written at the tender age of twelve'. The historical: 'Really? I suppose you know exactly where Karl Marx sat'. Or the Madame Tussaud's: 'Quite a gift for an author, I imagine, with all the eccentrics you must get in'. The picture of an official's life in the Reading Room that seems to underlie such observations suggests a fantastic mixture of a tryst with ghosts, assistance at Mrs. Jarley's Waxwork Show, and professional attendance at Bedlam. In persons, otherwise well informed, it never ceases to astonish me: astonish and, I must confess, annoy.

This annoyance, of course, is in some degree the usual chagrin of any public servant who, knowing the endless and detailed labour that attaches to his department in the complex maze of modern administration and in the shrinking economy of modern Britain, finds that the public are not interested in details of government administration unless and until it fails to meet their personal demands. Such chagrin is natural but not perhaps justified. The public are, after all, rightly the watchdogs of their servants' efficiency; their role is to bark and not to purr. But it is, I think, a more legitimate cause for annoyance that so many educated persons—Third Programme followers, no doubt—tend to regard the British Museum Library and Reading Room as a nineteenth-century survival, part of the glory



The Reading Room of 1840

that was Gladstone, a memorial to the great men who once worked there; when, in fact, it remains a central prop of scholarship and learning today. Without the resources of the British Museum Library, most of the great scholarly projects which still distinguish this country, most serious biographies or critical editions, a great number of the musical performances and talks which are the peculiar glory of the Third Programme, could not appear. It is this living aspect of the British Museum Library, rather than its history, that I want to present on this 200th anniversary of its founding. Nevertheless, an English institution must be vested with a little history if it is suitably to impress an English audience.

The Library's History

A number of highly entertaining talks could, of course, be made out of the history of the British Museum Library alone. There is the strange story of the wanderings of the great Cotton Collection, sequestered by the Stuarts, damaged by fire, and temporarily housed in the newly built dormitory of the scholars of Westminster School; or one could pay tribute to George III's genuine love of books which gave us the magnificent King's Library, a contrite recognition of that over-abused monarch most fitting for Coronation year. Or one could arouse that comfortable feeling which we all enjoy when we hear of the oddities and shortcomings of the great with anecdotes of the famous men who have read in the Library—Gray's slightly petulant comments, Godwin's grumbling, Carlyle's snorting evidence to the Royal Commission, the journalistic birth-pangs of the genius of Dickens and Shaw, Swinburne's epileptic fit, the unnoticed visits of Rimbaud and Verlaine, the industry of the Webbs, the familiar stories of Marx and Lenin. But I learned my history at Oxford in the 'thirties when we still despised such a personal view of the past, and, under the shadow of T. F. Tout's teaching, saw it as the story of institutional progress. I shall therefore dwell only shortly on the Library's history in order to point out its similarity to that of other great English institutions in the past 200 years. To do so may perhaps serve as an introduction to the complex modern library I hope to present to you.

The Museum was born in 1753 in a pleasantly eighteenth-century atmosphere of charter, eminent trustees, and public lottery. The lottery was not repeated, but the trustees and the charter remain to this day. An interesting feature of the original charter deriving from Hans Sloane's will was the liberal spirit with which it viewed admission to the Library. The collections, it was declared, were to be used 'as well towards satisfying the desire of the curious, as for the improvement, knowledge, and information of all persons'. It still remains our policy to admit all readers, whatever their interests, provided that the material they seek cannot be found very simply elsewhere. I emphasise this because so many persons appear to be enraged at the very few formalities they are asked to fulfil in order to obtain admission to the Reading Room. It is notable that such persons are often those who also complain at the admission of others as unsuitable or frivolous readers. For some people, of course, their own work is always vital, that of others frivolous. As I will tell you later, we also try to give all the information, either by telephone or letter, that our small staff can competently handle.

Liberal though the terms of admission may have been, the number of readers remained small in the eighteenth century. For long the room set aside for readers in the old Montagu House was crowded with such anomalous objects as stuffed birds, the staff was very small, the superintendent ill paid. A note of the first superintendent gives us something of the leisurely atmosphere. 'On Wednesday', he wrote, 'all the company going away a little after one o'clock, the Room being cold and the weather likely to rain, I thought it proper to move off too. Nothing material happened that I know of'. But, however leisurely, the service fully satisfied the needs of Gibbon and Hume. By the early nineteenth century, however, the Library and the demands made upon it were bursting the shell of this paternal, antiquated organisation. There were growing complaints of inefficiency and maladministration. It was typical of the nineteenth century that the necessary revolution into the new era was carried through by a single man and that man a liberal, and an authoritarian, a scholar-administrator more remarkable even than Thomas Arnold: less typical—and most disgusting to his opponents—he was an Italian refugee. Sir Antony Panizzi, our greatest director, was the designer of the Reading Room.

In order to carry this out, he had to sacrifice the central courtyard which was the pivot of the Museum as designed by Smirke. It is a great tribute to Panizzi's taste that the charm and dignity of the great circular room should so delight us that we forgive his vandalism. But

Panizzi not only rebuilt the Library, he began the first proper catalogue of its contents. He renewed and enforced, even at the cost of a series of actions at law against recalcitrant publishers, the Copyright Act which had been almost a dead letter since its origin in 1709. He started, in fact, that comprehensive library of British publications which we have today. He was the founder of the great modern British Museum Library of the nineteenth century. In some degree that Library is still with us, but already at the end of the century, in the high summer of Richard Garnett's superintendency, subtle changes were taking place, and they were to increase beneath the appearance of immutability as the decades passed. Like the British Empire, the Museum Library had already changed when it seemed most immutable. Today, like other English institutions, the Library lives in the midst of a revolution whose outlines we cannot hope to discern. One of the greatest national libraries of the world, the largest library of learning, the largest public library, perhaps also the largest information centre in the country, and the library of a considerable government department, the creation of Panizzi is being transformed before our eyes.

I do not think that those who enter the newly decorated Reading Room with its dome of grey and gold—paint, of course—and its rows of desks in their pale-blue leather would guess at the vast resources and the complicated tasks that lie behind the quiet dignity of the room. The Reading Room is substantially the same as it was in 1857, even to the pegs for top hats beneath the desks. One new innovation, however, made since the redecoration of the room last year, will immediately strike the visitor. At the very entrance there is a glass-fronted platform behind which rises a vast card-index cabinet. In appearance it is not unlike the space ships which grace the dust jackets of science fiction. This is our new inquiry desk. The assistants who man this desk, however, are unlikely to have that far-off gaze inspired by interplanetary travel. The endless stream of questions by telephone, letter, or personal visit leave them no time to gaze into space. This I know from personal experience, because in the first exhausting month of its opening I worked there.

I have before me a list of questions asked during a week of last October. Let me quote a few: 'Please give me all the editions of the works of Joshua Poole, the heroine of Lytton's novel *Rienzi*'. 'Have you any Polish pamphlets printed in Jersey in 1832?' 'Where can I find an account of a hamlet in Flintshire?' 'Do you have the 1947 Egyptian census?' 'What kind of oven was used in a herb gatherer's hut in Sherwood Forest in 1644?' 'What was the name of King Cophetua's beggar maid?' and so on. It is here, of course, that the more frivolous aspect of our work may occur; and, despite all I have said, I cannot forbear quoting one or two of the many curious conversations I have held with inquirers.

I think of the lady who was writing a book. In very solemn tones she told me: 'Someone's suggested I should have a preface', and then very earnestly added, 'Is a preface a good thing?' Or of the lady who quoted from her account of a naval engagement: 'The sailors swarmed up the mast like partridges and were shot down like flies'. 'Is that', she asked me, 'good English?' Then there was the French gentleman who told me he could interpret the language of animals. I asked politely what the animal kingdom had told him. '*Rien que de bêtises*', he told me proudly. Perhaps, however, my favourite enquiry was on the telephone. 'Do you know the author of a book called "The Song of Solomon"?' I was asked. 'I don't think the author is known', I replied. 'Oh, I think it must be; it's not a new book'. 'Well, I think it's just because the book is so old that the author is unknown'. 'Oh, well, can you tell me please what shop I can get it at? It isn't very easy to ask for a book when you don't know the author's name'. 'It's part of the Bible, you know'. There was a considerable pause: 'Oh! it isn't an interesting book, then?' the lady replied.

'The Regulars'

For most of the readers—the regulars, that is—the Reading Room is as familiar as their own homes, probably more so. I am often asked what they are all doing. I have already spoken of the way that the Third Programme is fed. Let me tell you of some more uses which the National Library serves. Three important current works of scholarship spring to my mind: the *History of Parliament*, the *Victoria County Histories*, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—for all of these the printed and manuscript material of the British Museum is essential. I have at different times seen most well-known English historians in the Reading Room: but to mention Sir Charles Webster in the field of foreign

(continued on page 1014)

The Reality of 'Flying Saucers'

By A. C. B. LOVELL

I SUPPOSE dozens of people ask me every year if I believe in flying saucers. Somewhat facetiously, I have generally answered that flying saucers must be hallucinations—or, at best, some new type of experimental aircraft. But now I have read Professor Menzel's new book on flying saucers, and I realise how wrong my answers have been. In future my reply will be that there are flying saucers, there always have been flying saucers, and there always will be flying saucers. When I tell you what the flying saucers are, I expect you will be as surprised as I was when I read Menzel's book.*

During the past few years there have been a number of books and a score of newspaper articles on flying saucers which I have not bothered to read, because it seemed to me that their contents could be little more than fiction. This book on which my talk is based is different. Menzel is a distinguished scientist. He is Professor of Astrophysics at Harvard, and a recognised world authority on solar physics. Although some parts of his story seem almost fantastic, you can take it that this book certainly is not fiction. With this in mind I would like to tell you about some of the more extraordinary episodes in the current saucer scare, and give you Menzel's explanation of these events. It all began on a June day in 1947.

An American business man was flying near a high mountain in the United States when he saw a chain of unfamiliar aircraft close to the mountain tops, a chain of saucer-like things swerving in and out of the high mountain peaks, flat like a pie-pan, and so shiny that they reflected the sun like a mirror. This was front-page news. Additional reported sightings swept the nation. The U.S. Air Force set up an organisation called 'Project Saucer' to investigate the sightings. People began to see saucers in Europe. Reports of saucers flying over countries close to the Iron Curtain increased the panic and rumour in a nation that had become uncertain whether to be more fearful of an invasion from Russia or from Mars. A large number of these later sightings turned out to be fairly common objects, such as balloons, but there was a fairly large residue with no obvious explanation. The saucers near the American mountain tops which started the panic certainly were not balloons, and it is not very helpful to dismiss them as hallucinations. Menzel gives two possible explanations, either of which seems to me to be quite satisfactory. There is violent air circulation near high mountain peaks, which will blow about clouds of snow. These rapidly shifting, tilting clouds of snow will reflect the sun like a mirror and give the appearance of saucer-like objects which the airman saw. The same effect would arise from a layer of haze or fog near the mountain top, again tilted and twisted by the violent air circulation.

But saucers were soon being reported from all over the United States, and in 1948 there were two very frightening events which had nothing at all to do with snow being blown about on mountain tops.

One night Lieutenant Gorman was on a routine patrol flight over Dakota in an F.51 aircraft when he saw what he took to be the tail light of an aircraft 1,000 yards distant. Ground control told him there was no other aircraft around, so Gorman moved in for a closer look. This is his account:

It was from six to eight inches in diameter, clear white and completely round, with a sort of a fuzz at the edges. It was blinking on and off. As I approached, however, the light suddenly became steady and pulled into a sharp left bank. I dived after it but I could not catch up with the thing. It started gaining altitude and again made a left bank. I put my F.51 into a sharp right turn and we headed straight at each other. Just when we were about to collide I guess I got scared. I went into a dive and the light passed over me at about 500 feet.

The official Air Force release on this incident was not very reassuring, and the ball of light that Gorman fought soon achieved the significance of a 'super' guided missile controlled by a master saucer from interplanetary space hovering far above. In actual fact Gorman's experience had been shared previously by many allied airmen during the war. Allied aircraft frequently reported glowing balls of light that tended to accompany the 'planes on their bombing missions. Any attempt to dodge resulted in a sequence of events similar to those reported by Gorman. The phenomenon, Menzel tells us, is due to light reflected from



A mock sun, photographed from the Zugspitze, in the Bavarian Alps

a distant source by a whirlpool of air over one wing of the aircraft.

The second event occurred in daylight but was even more frightening and ended in tragedy. Observers from an airfield in Kentucky saw from the ground an unidentified object resembling an ice-cream cone topped with red. Four aircraft were ordered to take off and investigate. Here is the official release of the incident:

Three of the 'planes closed in on the object and reported it to be metallic and of tremendous size. One pilot described it as round like a teardrop and at times almost fluid. The leader, Captain Mantell reported that the object was travelling above him at half his speed. 'I'm closing in now to have a good look', he radioed. 'It's directly ahead of me and still moving at half my speed. The thing looks metallic and of tremendous size. It's going up now and forward as fast as I am, that's 360 miles per hour. I'm going up to 20,000 feet, and if I'm no closer I'll abandon chase'. The time was 3.15 p.m. and that was the last heard from Mantell. Later in the day his body was found in the wreckage of his 'plane.

The terseness of the official report stimulated the imagination of an already receptive public. Had the object that Mantell chased attacked him and wrecked his aircraft? It was rumoured that the 'plane had been damaged in combat and that Mantell's body was riddled with bullets. Actually, Mantell had blacked out at 20,000 feet owing to lack of oxygen, and had died of suffocation before the crash. But he was certainly chasing a saucer. This one Menzel identifies as a mock sun.

* *Flying Saucers*. By Donald H. Menzel. Putnam, 21s. Our illustrations are taken from this book.

Haloes round the sun are not unusual, and if the conditions are right, with ice crystals in nearby cirrus clouds, one also sees these mock suns or sundogs. To chase a mock sun, as Mantell did, is the same as chasing a rainbow. It looks to be in the next field but, if you run after it, the rainbow will always race ahead at the same speed as you are running.

Probably the biggest scare of all occurred last summer when an armada of saucers flew over Washington. This time there seemed to be no excuse: not only were they seen by eye but they were also recorded by radar. The Air Force was requested not to shoot at the saucers or do anything that might alienate a friendly intelligence from outside, and a radio station addressed a special broadcast to the saucers, assuring them of our friendliness and designating a special air field for them to land. In actual fact this armada of saucers arose from unusual atmospheric conditions: an effect known as a temperature inversion gave rise to a sandwich of cold and warm layers of air which caused both a visual and radar mirage. Visual mirages are well known, especially in desert areas where the air near the ground can become abnormally hot, but it may surprise you to learn that radar also has mirages. Actually, the effect became well known during the war. Although the radar waves normally travel in straight lines, abnormal atmospheric conditions can cause the waves to bend round the surface of the earth and give echoes from far beyond the optical horizon. All the radar reports of saucers investigated by Menzel have turned out to be due to this mirage effect.

These are only a few examples of saucer sightings, and I think you will agree that they are real enough—certainly as real as a rainbow. Of course, of the many thousands of reports investigated by the American Air Force, many have turned out to be perfectly ordinary things like meteorological balloons. Most of the residue seen by day can be explained, as I have already indicated—that is, by the reflection or bending of light rays in the earth's atmosphere, by fog, mist, raindrops, or ice crystals, or by the effects of alternate cold and warm layers of air. At night many of the sightings are associated with fireballs or very bright meteors, and a few with the effects of the Northern Lights or *Aurora Borealis*. There is not the slightest indication that any of the saucers are real, in the sense of being made of metal or directed by human intelligence.

A powerful objection to these explanations is put forward by many people because reports of saucer sightings come most frequently from the neighbourhood of American defence plants and rocket ranges. They hold that this must be due either to new types of

secret weapons, or to curiosity in American defence by an enemy nation or by interplanetary visitors. Menzel's answer is very convincing. First, the atmospheric conditions and high transparency of the desert air are important contributors to the production of saucers so that their concentration in the south-western areas of the United States is not surprising. Secondly, people in the neighbourhood of the defence plants will be more sensitive to threats from the sky and hence watch it more frequently and with more suspicion than usual.

One important source of flying saucers remains to be mentioned—

those which arise from practical jokers and hoaxers. By far the greatest hoax was perpetrated in the University of Denver in March 1950. Through a series of events which is not quite clear, a certain Mr. Newton lectured to a packed hall of students on flying saucers. He described vividly the recent landing or crashing of four saucers packed with men from Venus—tiny creatures less than four feet tall. The story swept over the world, Mr. Newton had certainly given a brilliant lecture, but it turned out to be complete eye-wash. The incident is retold in Frank Scully's book, *Behind the Flying Saucers*. Menzel gives an entire chapter to this disgraceful episode in which he ruthlessly exposes both Scully's book and the original lecture.

From all this you will realise that the name 'flying saucer' has been given to a large variety of quite different events. Apart from the hoaxes, hallucinations, and balloons, meteors and fireballs have been commonly reported as saucers, and most of the remainder have been caused by peculiar atmospheric effects such as mock suns. It has always been so. There are wonderful accounts in the Bible of sights in the sky which we should now class as flying saucers, and there was a series of similar scares last century—all faithfully chronicled by Menzel. There always will be flying saucers, and some day we might even get a real one from Mars. My advice to you is to regard all accounts of interplanetary saucers and visitors from Mars or Venus as journalistic nonsense. If there are intelligent beings on any of the planets, and if they can make interplanetary saucers, then they must be far in advance of human beings on the earth. Possessed with such intelligence they would

certainly establish prior radio communication with the earth—if only to get a weather report. Of course, if the visit was to be unfriendly then they would jam the entire radio communication system of the earth. Until these things happen I do not think we are likely to get any visitors from space, other than meteorites.

If you see a flying saucer, draw up a report sheet like the one at the end of Professor Menzel's book, and send it to the United States Air Force, at Wright Field, Ohio.

—Home Service



Rare haloes and mock suns seen over Nuremberg, Germany, in 1530



A display of Northern Lights at Rothenburg, Germany, from a sixteenth-century broadside. The oval form at the left suggests that this picture may refer to a saucer similar to that of 1882

Conspicuous Production

DAVID RIESMAN on a new American fetish

MILLIONS of Americans today have become afraid of that conspicuous consumption, that fabulous gaudiness, for which we once yearned. The fear of being envied has for many replaced the fear that one will have cause to envy others. Many of us tend to examine all our purchases today from a consumer engineering point of view, seeking not only to eliminate waste and the influence of advertising but also to eliminate all peacock-like motives in our own behaviour. Thorstein Veblen, Freud, Marx, and *Consumers' Research* magazine provide a relentless arsenal of self-criticism. For example, there are certain circles in America where one cannot buy a television set without being regarded as vulgar; of course, there are many other circles where the television set, or some hard-goods equivalent, serves as a compensation for sub-standard housing, job inadequacy, or other under-privilege—perhaps taking the place that drink had among depressed workers in an earlier day.

'Personality on Display'

There appears to be an increasing need or desire of people in the upper strata of America to put on display not so much purchased possessions and purchased, museum-directed taste as their more subtle qualities of 'personality'. There is an effort to show that one is different, an individual, above mere material things. Sometimes when I walk into a modern apartment, sparsely furnished, glass-enclosed, built, let us say, by some modern architect such as Gropius, I feel how psychologically unprotected the personalities of the inhabitants are. I can look back on the nineteenth-century period of 'fetishism of commodities' as almost to an idyllic time. As one mansion after another built by our captains of industry is torn down or converted into a Catholic college, one may even come to admire the social energies that the captains and their wives exhibited—much as one looks with amazement at the heaps of food their menus show them to have eaten. These tangibles, it seems to me, were some protection against the need to put their personalities, their tastes, their externally adapted inner selves, on display. And, somewhat in the same way, the fundamentalist religions of the nineteenth century, as we see them set forth in *The Way of All Flesh* or *Father and Son*, protected their possessors from the ambiguities as well as the potentialities of human contact.

Yet, in recognising this shift, there is the danger of falling too easily into a nostalgia for the Victorian securities, temporal and spiritual—a danger which would have been hard for our parents' generation, fighting to free itself of the Victorian incunabula and the Victorian incubus, even to imagine. Ours has been called an age of anxiety, but there is a subtle connection between anxiety and awareness, with the result that we are anxious about our anxiety whereas many Victorians were brutalised people unaware of their brutality. In describing our new standards of consumption, we must not be too hard on ourselves because we lack the hardness we attribute to our ancestors.

What has happened is that attitudes once confined to a small elite group have now spread much more widely. Veblen noticed in his book on the leisured class, published in 1899, that some small groups among the very rich were learning to be offended by conspicuous display. They were going in for 'natural-looking' estates, 'natural-looking' contrivances, and 'natural-looking' dress. The return to nature—that is, to some intellectualised image as to what is natural—has become immensely powerful since then. I would guess, for example, that *The New Yorker* magazine has played a very considerable role among its readers—at once exciting an interest in commodities in its advertising pages, and dictating in its editorial pages a style of naturalness and non-conspicuousness.

Anti-bourgeois tendencies of this sort have originated in other countries in aristocratic disdain and working-class resentment. But in America they have stemmed largely from within the middle-class itself, which breeds its own critics, its own hatred of comfort and of the formerly traditional 'keeping up with the Joneses'. So today if we want to find the old splendiferous joy in extravagance, we do best to go to our own south-west, to Texas, and Oklahoma, or, even better

still, to South America or Spain, or to some other spot on the globe where only workers wear blue jeans and only millionaires' mistresses wear fur coats.

It has been the bounteousness of modern industry which has done more than almost anything else to make conspicuous consumption increasingly obsolete here. It would be going too far to say that consumption bores us, but it surely no longer has the old self-evident quality; no longer furnishes our lives with a kind of simple structuring of motives, as it did for William Randolph Hearst, for example. To collect objects as Hearst or the other crazy millionaires did required a certain confidence, even arrogance, a certain imperviousness to ridicule and criticism. Today, men of like wealth are much more apt to hand over these responsibilities to a foundation, which then on their behalf can collect research projects or artistic works or symphony performances, protected by bureaucratic devices and corporate responsibility from individual criticism, extravagance, and whim. And yet, the economy continues to get more productive, more so by far than in Hearst's day. Thus the question remains: who is to spend the surplus, and for what, when the millionaires no longer care to or dare to?

One answer, I suggest, is that it is spent on children as it never was before. The makers of toy trains had sales of more than 12,000,000 in the first six months of 1951, up sixfold in ten years. The trouble with children, of course, is that they grow up—unlimited amounts cannot be spent on them. Once grown up, they will denounce advertising and disdain waste and extravagance. The parents, of course, can have more children, and as you may know, this is what has happened in the United States, in the last decade, much to the bewilderment of the demographers, who thought that the American urban middle classes would continue to have fewer and fewer children and more and more commodities. Perhaps one reason for this is our feeling that children are an unequivocal good in a world of changing values, and we can lavish on our children the care and emotions we would find it egotistical to lavish on ourselves. Another way of spending money, I need not tell you, is through conspicuous consumption of war material. And, finally, an increasingly important way of spending it is at its source, that is, in what we might call 'conspicuous production'. Large corporations vie with each other in America to have natty modern factories, equipped with all manner of personnel services from masseurs to piped music, and their advertisements increasingly sell less the product than the company's up-to-dateness in the arts of conspicuous production.

Rationalising Extravagance

One way of interpreting this is to say that the very men who would shrink from being themselves salesmen sublimate in the corporation their wish for response, for esteem, and imperceptibly, item by item, push the company towards extravagances which are then rationalised as necessary for productive efficiency, or at any rate for that accountant's catch-all, good will. These can be afforded because the competition, which reads the same trade magazines and attends the same meetings and admires the same models, is competing toward like extravagances rather than toward cheapening cost of sales. And in their entertaining, corporate officials use the fact that they are on an expense account to justify the buying of expensive dishes—dishes which might excite envy or comment if the officials were regarded as putting on display their personal rather than their corporate ability to pay. Likewise, these officials, who would no longer be as eager as their predecessors were to buy their way into an exclusive country club or resort, are most eager to have their companies' advertisements appear in the pages of *Time* or over television, whether or not their market research can wholly justify each instance of space or time buying.

Professor Richard Hofstadter has suggested that these practices should be called conspicuous corporate consumption rather than conspicuous production. Certainly, it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. It would take a close scrutiny of factory layout, for

instance, to be sure what changes were the result of desires for corporate prestige rationalised as cost-cutting methods, and to know whether to allocate the costs of prestige itself to the production or the consumption side of the ledger. Even in the nineteenth century, as Professor John Kouwenhoven has shown in his book, *Made in America*, factories and machine tools were almost invariably influenced by current aesthetic attitudes, so that they were far more ornate and less 'functional' than necessary. Conspicuous production is as old as production. It is only when we adopt an economising point that we can distinguish in the activities centred on the economy, between the end of maximising the product and the other ends, ceremonial, religious, prestige-laden, that are concurrently being pursued. Men who in the nineteenth century or today seem to be pursuing wealth or efficiency as a single, uncomplicated goal were certainly self-deceived as to their total gamut of motives. Nevertheless we can say, I think, that corporate consumption, in which each company goes into business as a junior welfare state, is rearranging our motives in a new configuration.

One factor in this development is the increasing professionalisation of management. Meeting as professionals, the former individuality which even distinguished the American business man is rubbed off. He seeks status in his ability to run a smooth, attractive, and pleasant social and technological organisation. The divorce of corporate ownership from control and the consequent disenfranchisement of the stockholders have put responsibility for spending the corporate surplus on the executive in his capacity as an official, for corporate savings are only to a limited extent distributed to stockholders. They are

increasingly retained in depreciation funds or other concealment or reserve accounts. Business-management schools play a part in deciding what it is that the corporation should now spend money for, whether it is for training-directors, or market research, or philanthropic activity—all the multifarious forms of conspicuous corporate consumption.

In general, I think it can be said that many of the motives which were, in earlier decades, built into the character structure of individuals are now built into the institutional structure of our corporate life. I am myself old fashioned enough somewhat to prefer the older egotisms of private conspicuous consumption, which is idiosyncratic and not always compulsory, to conspicuous production, in which individuals have a share only as members of a corporate group and are in fact bound to the group by what it does for them in this particular. I would rather use our surplus to allow individuals a still greater amount of leisure, so that each of us would work, let us say, a four-hour day, than keep us at work eight hours, so that our large organisations can generously spend the difference.

And yet, in making such a judgment, we have continuously to keep in mind the complex and stratified nature of the changes going on in our American life. If one has to choose between having Lever Brothers spend the surplus on its beautiful New York skyscraper and having wealthy oil men or 'spivs' spend it, one could easily come down on the side of Lever Brothers. Corporate consumption may be, as it has often been in architecture, a pleasure in its own right and even a model for individual consumption.—*Third Programme*

Can We, Too, Prosper?

By ELY DEVONS

WHEN the United States undertook the European Recovery Programme (more popularly known as Marshall Aid) in 1948, the Americans and ourselves agreed to set up an Anglo-American Productivity Council. Its main work has been the despatch of industrial teams from this country to the United States to study American production methods and make recommendations on what could be done over here to improve productivity. Altogether sixty-six teams visited America and a large number of detailed reports have been published. Mr. Graham Hutton has undertaken, for the British Productivity Council, the important but difficult task of bringing together the experience and recommendations of all these teams in one book with the title *We Too Can Prosper*.* And in it Mr. Hutton does much more than merely summarise the findings of the sixty-six teams. He uses the evidence they collected and their recommendations to support his central argument that there is no mysterious secret about the basis of American prosperity; that we, too, can, without great difficulty, materially increase our productivity and with it our standard of living.

Comparisons of efficiency and productivity between this country and the United States bristle with difficulties. Not everyone will agree with Mr. Hutton's figures. There is still plenty of argument about these comparisons among the experts: But whatever controversy there may be on details, the central facts are incontrovertible. There is no doubt whatsoever that United States productivity is much higher than ours; and that she has raced ahead of us particularly fast in the past fifteen years. It is impossible to demonstrate conclusively what accounts for this difference. The argument about the reasons for greater American productivity has been going on for at least fifty years. Plenty of reasons, few of them new, are given by the productivity teams, and Mr. Hutton discusses all the important ones. The American worker has much more machinery and equipment at his disposal; the equipment is more up to date and is used more intensively. American management is always searching for better methods of production to raise efficiency and reduce costs—work study, cost control, simplification, standardisation, incentives, training, production schemes, production engineering—the whole range of modern techniques of management. The fruits of scientific and technical research are widely and rapidly adopted throughout industry. And, generally speaking, the workers and their unions are anxious to co-operate in introducing more up-to-date labour-saving devices. In

short, we are given the impression that the pervading atmosphere of American industry is one in which everybody is on the look out for better and more efficient ways of doing things.

Sometimes the picture that is drawn of American industry by the teams seems a little idyllic. But Mr. Hutton himself tries to avoid this. And I am sure that there are black spots in American industry, too. Indeed, only a few days ago an eminent American sociologist was trying to impress on me the seriousness of output restrictions among workers in the United States. He argued that if these restrictions were given up, average productivity in the United States could be increased by twenty per cent., and in some factories doubled. But even if we allow that the picture of conditions in the United States is painted too favourably, a striking contrast with Britain still remains.

Mr. Hutton argues convincingly that many of the management methods which yield high productivity in America could be used immediately and widely with profit in this country. In other words, there are plenty of ways in which British industries could reduce costs and increase their profits, but these are not widely adopted because of ignorance, slackness, or obstruction. Now this is a serious but frequently made indictment of British industry generally. And many arguments—all controversial—have been put forward to account for such slackness: that high levels of taxation blunt the incentive to reduce costs and raise profits; that inflation makes it too easy to do well without being efficient; that British industry—wanting a secure, quiet life—surrounds itself with restrictive agreements and monopoly practices; government regulation and control impede the proper working of industry; our wages system is rigid and out of date, and workers and trade unions retard the introduction of new methods by their lack of co-operation, if not active hostility. There is no way of proving which, if any, of these is the crucial cause of the trouble. But in everything I read and hear about American industry I am impressed by the zest and energy with which the American business man tackles his job, compared with the lethargy and lukewarmness which seems to pervade such a large section of British industry.

The American business man is anxious to get on, to show that he can run the firm better than anyone else, can jump one ahead of his competitors. And as a successful business man he commands great social prestige. But how often in this country do you hear business men talk with pride of their success? And who thinks of a career in industry as

* Allen and Unwin. 12s.

an exciting adventure? Here, success in business rarely raises a man in public esteem. British industrialists are so often on the defensive, slightly ashamed of what they do, and anxious to explain away rather than be proud of the profits they make. If business operates in an atmosphere in which there is something shameful and immoral about making profits, is it surprising that business men are not always enthusiastically and energetically pursuing new ways of cutting costs? And if this is a widespread view, industry will fail to attract the energetic young man, with drive, ambition, bursting with new ideas. Does the brilliant young university graduate think of business as an exciting and exhilarating career? I doubt it. Contrast the attitude to industry with the attitude to scientific research—the scientist's zeal for his subject, his enthusiasm and sense of adventure. It is true that there is a similar pride of achievement when scientific research and technical development are allied with great industrial skill, as, for example, in the production of the new jet airliners. But such cases are all too rare.

The Scientist's Attitude to Business

It is, I think, not without significance that the science graduate in this country usually has the following order in his mind when thinking about a career. First, a job in a university with a thriving research department; second, in a government research establishment or a research association; third, in the research division of a firm; and last, well down on the list, in the production or management side of industry. I do not want to suggest that all first-rate scientists would make good business men—far from it. But I think that the attitude of the scientist is symptomatic of a widely held view of business among young men thinking of their future careers. You may say, 'quite right too—after all, business is concerned with the material and inferior side of life, and it is encouraging that young men are not particularly attracted by a career in such activity'. But in that case you must not complain that industry lacks enterprise and drive. And what about raising productivity by providing more equipment per worker? There is no doubt that the difference here between the United States and this country is very great, specially in the manufacturing industry, and that the margin is increasing every year. We have no chance of reaching the American level within a foreseeable time; but we can certainly do more than we have been doing in the past few years if we want. Do we want this? The price is fairly clear. We would have to reduce consumption—private or social—so as to devote more resources to making machinery and equipment; or we could give a bigger share of investment to manufacturing and less to housing. But if you say that you would rather have the little now than the prospect of more later, then all right. But do not expect to have both.

A similar issue often arises when we consider the attitude of workers and trade unions to measures for raising productivity. Many workers show little enthusiasm for new and better methods of production; they want to be guaranteed in their present jobs; they are reluctant to move when technical change would require it, and some of them like to take time off from work when they are earning good wages. No doubt all this prevents any rapid increase in productivity. But suppose workers recognise that, and yet prefer to stick to their present attitude and are willing to give up the prospect of any substantial improvement in their standard of living. What then? Should we try to persuade people that they ought to want a higher standard, and that they must therefore agree to the measures that will make such a higher standard possible?

No Standing Still

What I have said so far implies that we can choose. If we want a higher standard of living in the future then we must take more active steps to increase productivity. Only if we are content to stay at our present level can we afford to neglect the measures which Mr. Hutton recommends. But Mr. Hutton does not agree with this. No, he says; we have not the choice. There is no standing still. Either we go forward or we go back; we cannot just stay where we are. And he even suggests that if we do not advance, we will sink back rapidly into poverty and dictatorship. The main basis for this argument is our dependence on foreign trade. If we are to export enough even to maintain the present restricted volume of imports, we must always be producing new products of the highest quality in demand in foreign markets. We can hope to do this, he argues, only with rapid technical innovation; and technical innovation is impossible except in an expanding economy. In this country we cannot any longer have expansion unless there is a regular

substantial increase in productivity per head, because we are faced with a stable, if not slightly declining, working population over the next twenty years. There is great force in this argument. But, even as a propaganda device, it can easily be overdone. And in my view the prospect we face is stagnation or slow, gradual decline, rather than sudden economic cataclysm and political dictatorship.

If this is the prospect, would we be content; or do we really want a continuously rising standard of living? If the continued pressure for improved education, health services, housing, old age pensions, and other public services is anything to go by, we certainly seem to want a higher standard. But it is little use pressing for these improvements and at the same time refusing to support measures which will give us increased production. Individually, we may think that we get them for nothing; but of course we can afford them only if we produce more.

Again, when we profess that we want to help the backward and poverty stricken areas of the world, we imply that we are in favour of measures that will increase productivity in this country. Otherwise we are guilty of the worst kind of hypocrisy. For even if we are satisfied with our own standards, we cannot at present help others without a substantial further increase in production in some of the most crucial sectors of industry. And the argument is even further strengthened if we want to be an important power internationally, not merely politically but also on the economic centre of a rapidly developing Commonwealth. All these issues have to be taken into account before we dismiss the advice of the productivity teams with a shrug of the shoulders and say 'we are not interested'. So my answer then to the question 'Can we, too, prosper?' is—certainly! But I raise instead another question: 'Do we want to?'—*Home Service*

Telemachos Remembers

Twenty years, every day,
The figures in the web she wove
Came and stood and went away.
Her fingers in their pitiless play
Beat downward as the shuttle drove.

Slowly, slowly did they come,
With horse and chariot, spear and bow,
Half-finished heroes sad and mum,
Came slowly to the shuttle's hum.
Time itself was not so slow.

And what at last was there to see?
A horse's head, a trunkless man,
Mere odds and ends about to be,
And the thin line of augury
Where through the web the shuttle ran.

How could she bear the mounting load,
Dare once again her ghosts to rouse?
Far away Odysseus trod
The treadmill of the turning road
That did not bring him to his house.

The weary loom, the weary loom,
The task grown sick from morn to night,
From year to year. The treadle's boom
Made a low thunder in the room.
The woven phantoms mazed her sight.

If she had pushed it to the end,
Followed the shuttle's cunning song
So far she had no thought to rend
In time the web from end to end,
She would have worked a perfect wrong.

Instead, that jumble of heads and spears,
Forlorn scraps of her treasure trove.
I wet them with my childish tears
Not knowing she wove into her fears
Pride and fidelity and love.

EDWIN MUIR

NEWS DIARY

June 10-16

Wednesday, June 10

Truce delegates at Panmunjom adjourn to allow staff officers to work out final administrative details of armistice agreement

Result of Italian General Election gives Signor de Gasperi's centre parties small majority.

Soviet Government appoints its High Commissioner in Austria to rank of Ambassador

Mr. Eden undergoes third operation in Boston

Thursday, June 11

Court of Inquiry into sinking of *Princess Victoria* in Irish Sea last January finds that ship was unseaworthy

Mr. Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary, reports to Commons on situation in Kenya

Gloster Javelin delta-wing jet fighter crashes on test flight

Friday, June 12

Three Western Powers send note to Russia suggesting resumption of talks on Austrian treaty

Heavy fighting takes place in Korea

Military conference between Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia is concluded in Athens

Saturday, June 13

India and Switzerland agree to serve on neutral repatriation commission to be set up under terms of proposed Korean armistice agreement

The King of Cambodia withdraws into voluntary exile in Siam

Sunday, June 14

Security forces in Kenya break up many Mau Mau gangs in large-scale operation supported by aircraft

Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia criticises shortcomings of Czechoslovak Communist Party

Commander of the army takes over the presidency of Colombia after *coup d'état*

Monday, June 15

Chinese make wedge in allied line in Korea. U.N. aircraft attack communist concentrations

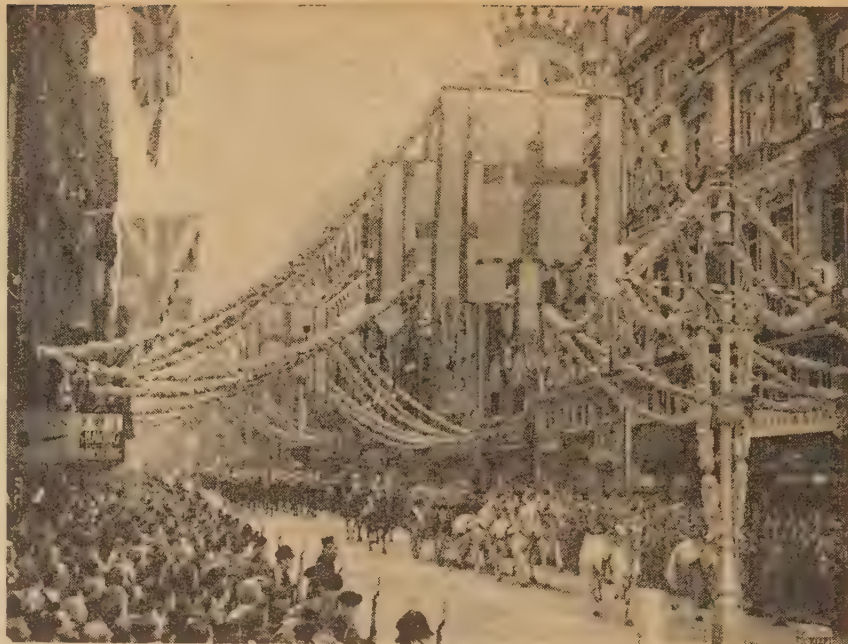
British submarine, the *Andrew* crosses the Atlantic without surfacing

Russia and Yugoslavia agree to exchange ambassadors

Tuesday, June 16

Chinese Communists gain ground in Korea
M. André Marie, Radical leader, agrees to try to form French Government

Death of Dr. Downey, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool



The Queen driving in an open carriage through Fleet Street last Friday on her way to the traditional luncheon given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London at Guildhall after the Coronation. Below: the Royal Barge returning after the Guildhall luncheon



The Coronation of the Duke of Edinburgh



Royal Canadian Mounted Police performing at the Royal Tournament which opened at Earls Court in the presence of the Queen on June 10



The Guards marching past at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on June 11. The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Margaret, and other officials, were in the window over the arch in Horse Guards Parade. Below: a photograph of the Queen



ing service held in St. Paul's Cathedral on June 9. The Queen, the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal family are seen in the front pew



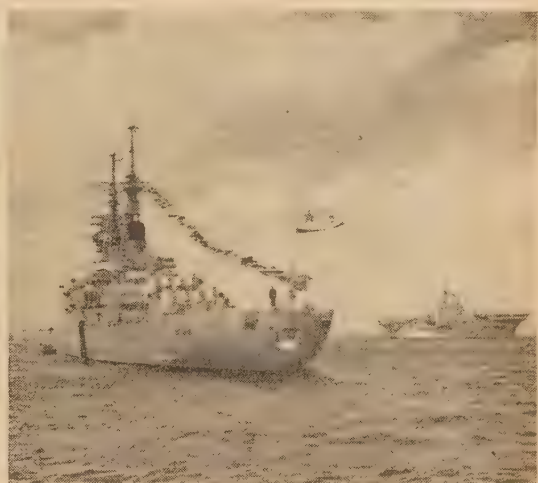
Part of the fleet which took part in the Coronation naval review illuminated on the night of June 15 during the firework display. Two hundred and fifty ships, including vessels from the Commonwealth and foreign nations, were present at the review



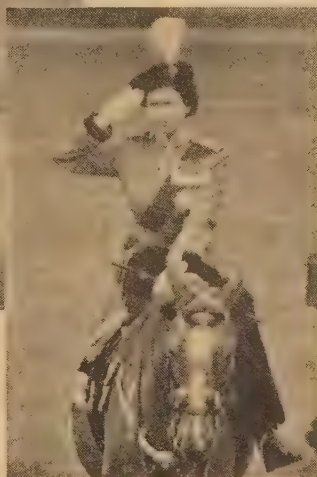
Queen as she took the salute Colour on her official birthday in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief. She was escorted by the Duke of Edinburgh, by the Duke of York, and by the Duke of Gloucester. The Queen's children from a photo-parade. Right: a photo-parade



A recent photograph of (right) Syngman Rhee, President of the South Korean Republic, with Admiral Radford of the U.S. Navy. President Rhee has protested against the proposed armistice in Korea



The Soviet cruiser 'Sverdlov' decorated for the review



A scene from the first Test Match which ended at Nottingham on June 16 in a draw. Harvey (Australia) about to be caught off the bowling of Bedser (England) in the second innings

Gardening

Summer Heathers

By TOM EDRIDGE

ALL the summer heathers are lime haters; lime will kill them. So that if your soil contains natural lime and you have already gone in for winter heathers, it is little good deciding to enjoy heathers all the year round. The summer kinds want an acid, or at least a neutral soil, and it rarely pays to dig out pockets and introduce lime-free soil from elsewhere; for rain generally manages to bring back lime into those pockets. Remember that though your garden may not be in a limey district, it is the common practice to add some lime to sweeten soils; it helps to release plant foods. Such lime is likely to be leached out of the soil in six to twelve months. If summer heathers are to be planted where soil has once been limed, then it is worth while having that soil analysed to make sure the lime is no longer there. Gardens with lime in the soil can have heathers in flower from late October until May; gardens with lime-free soil can have them the whole year. Of the two, I think the winter ones are more valuable.

Heathers have a reputation for being peat-loving plants, and many people have been put off growing them because their soil does not contain peat. Heathers certainly like peat, but they can mostly get along without it. The great value of peat is that it will absorb and hold large quantities of water. It is perhaps wise to start off young plants with some peat round their roots; eventually the fallen, dead flowers themselves will produce the right soil conditions. Do not add rich manure where heathers are to be planted. If the soil is a stubborn clay then improve it by digging and adding humus material, such as leaf mould.

Now for some details of the five native species which begin to flower in May or June and last until the end of the year. If only because they grow on the cliffs a mile from my home, I will start with two species, the common ling, or heather, called by botanists *Calluna vulgaris*—also known as *Erica vulgaris*—and *Erica cinerea*.

Calluna vulgaris, the ling, has in the wild condition long spikes covered with rather small flowers mostly of a rose-lilac colour. But plant hunters and breeders have discovered many varieties and produced others, some white, some pink, and some even purple. In size, varieties can be had from three inches to a good two feet in height. Few lings flower before July, and one or two even later. Of course these late lings also want a lime-free soil. Nurserymen specialising in heathers can offer scores of varieties of ling alone, and I will pick about half a dozen. The popular old variety *Alporti* with its crimson flowers in late July is still one of the best, and reaches two feet in height. Now follow three which have received the blessing of the Royal Horticultural Society's Award of Merit: they are variety 'H. E. Beale', a double-flowered silvery pink growing to about two feet; variety 'J. H. Hamilton', a double pink less than a foot in height; and the good white *Alba plena*. Although it is at its best as late as November I must mention again *Elegantissima*, with very long lilac spikes—I think it is my favourite of the lings.

Erica cinerea, the fine-leaved or bell heather, often keeps company with ling, but in what might be termed a somewhat Platonic fashion, for apparently only one hybrid has been recorded from their association. The word *cinerea*

refers to the greyish colour of the foliage; the reddish purple of the flowers grouped towards the end of the stems is what gives one of their charms to wild areas such as Dartmoor. But the garden varieties, which are many, offer a range from the white *alba*: I like very much an old favourite, *Erica cinerea rosea*. 'C. D. Eason' has dark foliage and pink flowers; 'P. S. Patrick' a rich purple. This species *Erica cinerea* rarely exceeds twelve inches in height; and when it comes to planting beds of heathers it is important to know the full height so that the smaller ones are not put too far back, or the tall ones right in front.

Distinguishing features of the Dorset heath, *Erica ciliaris*, are the pale-green foliage and the comparatively large flower bells. In its wild state it does not give the purple associated with *Erica cinerea* on Dartmoor, but rather shades between pink and rose. It does not like dry conditions and should be given a moist as well as sunny position—for all heathers enjoy sun and wind, and will sulk in the shade. The white variety 'Stoborough', pink 'Mawean', and red 'Mrs. C. H. Gill' offer differences of colour. *Erica vagans* is also called the Cornish Heath—a hint that it likes the damp conditions associated with Cornwall, where rhododendrons and similar moisture-loving shrubs do so well. It is a robust species and the stems are well packed with flowers.

Some of the varieties can be used to make a small hedge or wind-break up to about three feet high. Flowers continue into autumn; the dead, brown petals which hang on for weeks make a pleasant colour splash in winter. The fact that three varieties have received the award of merit indicates their garden worth: the white 'Lyon-esse'; pink 'St. Keverne', and the darker pink 'Mrs. D. F. Maxwell'.

A list of summer species would be incomplete without mention of what is sometimes known as the Irish Heath, *Daboecia cantabrica*. The bells are larger than the other heathers—over half an inch long—and the plant dislikes dry soil and is a case where peat should be used. It can also be had in white.

A small, sunny front garden could be entirely given up to heathers if the owner wanted to reduce work to a minimum. One or two of the tall tree heaths could be grouped in the centre, and, if the soil is lime free, a mingling of winter and summer kinds could be placed round about. My first plantings were on a rather steep rockery, but I have recently made a new heather garden on a more level site where roses unsuccessfully struggled in poor soil. The garden being on a slope, there was a straight supporting wall to build up a level bed. This was partly knocked down to obtain an effect like an area of the coast where grassy coombs slope to a beach with rocky cliffs on both sides: in short an attempt to give an impression of an informal or natural outcrop of rock.

A small path wanders across what was the old rose bed, and more stones have been dispersed to help the effect. I have tended to plant the various varieties of a single species together. I like to see other kinds of plants among the heathers, especially those which flower at different times of the year or have other qualities, such as scent, or colours which are not found in heathers. If your garden is level and you wish to make a heather garden, it will probably be

more effective if the area is shaped into a number of small slopes and valleys with a few rocks here and there. Young plants will cost from about 2s. each and in planning the heather garden it will take several years for those plants to assume an appearance of maturity. People who are feeling their age but for whom their gardens mean much should not wait until active gardening becomes a burden before deciding to go in for heathers. They could be introduced gradually and stocks could be propagated either from small cuttings or layers. But for old or young gardeners, heathers do bring into the garden something of the spirit of the moorlands and cliffs.

—From a talk in the West of England Home Service

The British Museum

(continued from page 1006)

affairs, Mr. E. H. Carr on the history of Russia, and Mr. Lipson in the economic field is more than sufficient to establish the Museum's importance. As a writer of fiction, I am often told by tactless friends: 'This, of course, is the age of biography'. Biography, it is true, has at last acquired scholarly standards without losing popular appeal. Two outstanding biographies of the past two years come to my mind, the study for which was largely done in the British Museum—Mrs. Woodham Smith's *Florence Nightingale* and Miss Hester Chapman's *Mary II*.

The regular presence of Professor Tillotson may be taken as a symbol of the Museum Library's indispensable nature to literary studies. No library, of course, has such complete collections of editions of English authors, and it is our policy to fill gaps wherever possible. As a result, it must inevitably be the final hunting ground of all serious bibliographers: hence the presence of so eminent an American visitor as Mr. Fredson Bowers. Perhaps less widely realised is the value of the Library to historians of science and medicine, though the eminent medical historians Dr. Charles Singer and his wife have almost grown up in the Reading Room. For myself, my greatest envy, when as a member of the staff I sometimes sit thinking how much I would like to be a reader, is for the vast miscellaneous knowledge that lies open to the historian of taste, eccentricity, and manners. Perhaps, therefore, I am most envious on the days when Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell visits us.

I could go on in this vein for much longer and say more of the unique collections of music and of maps; or speak, in awe-struck ignorance, of our sister Department of Manuscripts. But I have no doubt established for most listeners my partiality for the Library, and for some few, I hope, its inestimable value as a treasure house of knowledge. Terms used in economics are always a source of mystery and discomfiture to me, none more so than 'invisible assets' which we are so often told are England's greatest riches for the future. I hope, therefore, that I am not misinterpreting when I suggest that if a wide and respected standard of culture and education is our greatest invisible asset, the British Museum Library must be regarded as one of our richest natural resources.—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Origins of 'The Apple Cart'

Sir,—Mr. St. John Ervine, that blind plunger into the depths of things, has returned to the surface with nothing. *The Irrational Knot* has not escaped my notice, nor has a passage in 'Misalliance' wherein the nature of Shaw's future relationship with Stella Campbell was foreshadowed, nor have the many other Shavian scenes in which women place men in ridiculous situations. The tussle between G.B.S. and Mrs. Campbell was clearly a case of life copying art, and could have been inferred from the personalities of both. But my broadcast dealt with the origins of 'The Apple Cart' as revealed to me by Shaw, not the deductions that might have been made from his writings and the lady's performances.

Orinthia in 'The Apple Cart' is a portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, not the repetition of a character already conceived by the author, and this was the main theme of my talk—a fact that seems to have escaped the notice of Mr. Ervine, whose solemn reminder that she once behaved like someone in a book is the same as saying that real human beings are liable to act like fictional figures, which is true but not new.—Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.6. HESKETH PEARSON

'Lélia: The Life of George Sand'

Sir,—Just before I read your critic's entertaining review of André Maurois' book on George Sand (THE LISTENER, June 11), I happened to perform a less fashionable feat. I read something by George Sand herself.

The contrast between what she wrote and what can be written about her is certainly striking. *Jeanne*, the novel I read, deals with a part of France which she knew and loved, and proves her ability to communicate that love. Its hero is an extraordinary, granite-strewn area which projects into the plain of Berri and which is topped by the sinister and squalid hamlet of Toulx-Ste-Croix. Its heroine is a gracious provincial town on the banks of the Petite Creuse, far below. Superstition, half-faith, scepticism, move between the two. Coins, laid by young men beside a sleeping girl, become fairy gold and alter her life. The known passes into the unknown and back again. *Jeanne* is sentimental, voluble, admonitory, archaeologically unsound, and it has little intellectual power. Nevertheless, something first hand gets across. Feelings, profoundly experienced, are here so described that the reader shares them, and a France that is not Parisian comes alive.

So despite your reviewer's advice I shall postpone reading André Maurois' book about George Sand, although it is sure to be well groomed, and I shall try another novel by George Sand instead.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

E. M. FORSTER

Cotton from the Niger

Sir,—In your report of the broadcast by Mr. Clement Brown on this subject it is stated: 'The real difference between their scheme and the ground-nut project is that the French are going much more slowly'. Surely the essential differences are of soil and climate. In the ground-nut scheme no real examination was made beforehand of the suitability of the area, specifically under those two most essential requirements

where an agricultural project is to be undertaken at all in the tropics, let alone on such a vast scale.

I fear that one great fault of the Colonial Agricultural Officer—as a generalisation—is that land, earth, no matter of what sort, is all that matters, and to think that the scientist can, by a wave of the magic wand (as it were), and by the expenditure of vast sums, do in a matter of comparative moments what is impossible, and to restore fertility, lost over long periods, also in a moment. It has been stated, for instance, that the principal scientist for the ground-nut scheme had no means of testing the physical as opposed to the chemical nature of the soil he was to attack on his arrival in East Africa. Nor was any West Indian planter accustomed to deal with somewhat similar conditions of soil and climate, though more favourable, asked to advise. And that in spite of a reference in the infamous Report to the maintenance of fertility on sugar estates in the Caribbean, a wholly false premise.

From Mr. Brown's account there would seem to be a certain degree of similarity in soil and climatic conditions with those in Gizirah; and that is a great advantage in planning. The Labour Government rejected the idea of pilot schemes at first. Incidentally, there is a certain disadvantage in the pilot scheme, in the danger of losing heart and giving up, as shown by the latest Colonial Development Corporation's report. What is required is a thoroughly scientific and searching comparison of any scheme in the first place; not disregarding the experience of those with knowledge and experience gained in similar areas, nor that of what some people—the haughty—call 'cranks'.—Yours, etc.,
Cheltenham H. JARRETT-KERR

Scotland's Promising Dramatists

Sir, May I protest against Mr. Ivor Brown's assertions that 'Scotland' was defeated at Culloden? The defeated army was not the army of Scotland. It was not even fully representative of the Highlands for there were Highlanders in Cumberland's army. The Rebellion was not a national movement and Scottish opposition and indifference were major factors in its failure.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19

W. SAUNDERS

The Boredom of Fantasy

Sir,—It is remarkable that neither Mr. Koestler nor your correspondents have so far drawn attention to the fact that science fiction has usually failed to look for paths of progress in the social sciences. One would have thought that psychology, especially social psychology, offered possibilities of new worlds of human relationships with futures that can be both promising and menacing in their drama of uncertainty. But the authors of these modern fantasies are content with conventional hero-futures engaged in traditional partisan warfare; they use their ingenuity merely to devise glorified gadgets and physical oddities. Works such as Bellamy's *Looking Backward from the Year 2000* continue to stand out as noticeable exceptions.

To be creative with mankind is the supreme art. Dante's story of space-travel became one of the greatest poems of world literature because

he peopled his after-worlds with men and women who thought sternly and felt strongly about human problems. In the realms of the dead they kept alive the burning questions of love and loyalty to man, government, and God.

Mr. Rowan, however, does show some inclination to venture into this field himself. To demand, as he does, that statesmen today should be 'able to orientate in ways which do not take the established situation for granted' is itself an essay in utopography. It forgets that any politician in power is *ipso facto* a man who takes for granted that power is the pre-requisite of large-scale political action.—Yours, etc.,

University of
Liverpool

R. GLYNN FAITHFULL

Sir,—Arthur Koestler is right in believing that the most popular appeal of science fiction is probably as an escape from current unsatisfactory conditions of life on this planet: but Mr. Rowan is on firmer ground in his appreciation of its use in stimulating the creation in fantasy of new adaptations to changing conditions. The trouble is that our interest is attached primarily to our past experience, and the real adventure of the future, the enjoyment of more difficult and more satisfying experience, does not greatly interest us unless we can relate it to these past emotions. As far as science fiction helps us to anticipate in fantasy personal and social relationships which we feel could enlarge human values, it may play its part in the evolution of higher social organisms, because the past experience embodied in the new forms will include such fantasies.

A school of drama and dramatic writing could be based upon what can now be reasonably surmised about the nature of the primitive group-mind before the beginning of civilisation. The conditions in our world today may be such as to facilitate the resumption of its evolution, aided now by the self-consciousness won during 10,000 years by competition among individuals.

Yours, etc.,

Ipsden

J. NORMAN GLAISTER

The Fall of Byzantium

Sir,—History does not support Mr. D. J. Doyle's criticism of Professor Norman Baynes' remark that the Greeks regarded it as 'unthinkable' that their church be 'subjected to the discipline of an alien pope'. The break between the Greek and Latin churches had endured for nearly four centuries when John Paleologous, after conforming to the Latin faith, returned from the Council of Florence to be practically boycotted by the majority of his subjects. The Orthodox priests ceased to pray for him; the populace refused to enter St. Sophia after it had been 'profaned' by the celebration of the Roman Mass; and the Grand-Duke John Notaras reflected the major part of Greek opinion when he exclaimed: 'Better the turban of the Turk in Constantinople than the Pope's Tiara'.

Mr. Doyle is also unfortunate in his allusion to the patriarch Photius, whose learning and width of culture were astonishing, but who, as one of the most dangerous opponents of papal ambition prior to Luther, has suffered constant misrepresentation.—Yours, etc.,

Devizes

L. M. HOPKINS

Art

Gainsborough at the Tate

By BRYAN ROBERTSON

THE exhibition of portraits, landscapes and 'fancy pictures' by Gainsborough assembled for the Arts Council by Professor Ellis Waterhouse at the Tate Gallery is one of the main artistic events of the Coronation Year. Designed to do honour to one of our greatest painters and to divert visitors to the capital, the exhibition has been evolved with a degree of knowledge and imagination that places Gainsborough in the most lucid and well-rounded perspective and reveals certain less familiar aspects of his genius which may perhaps surprise those Londoners who imagine that Gainsborough's work can yield nothing new to them.

The particular qualities of perception and technique which combine to make Gainsborough a great artist are extremely subtle and in some ways appear to be at variance with each other. The forthright, affectionate vision behind his portraits and the unaffected simplicity which gives his pastoral scenes their Virgilian charm are compatible; but Gainsborough's pictures are illuminated from time to time by flashes of complete worldliness and a taut, decisive sophistication in the poetic ambience of both the landscapes and the portraits, which, though agreeable, is disconcerting and makes Gainsborough's world a shade harder to define.

With characteristic directness, he said of his art: 'The eye is the only prospective master needed by a landscape painter'. Ruskin, bemused by these same landscapes, said: 'They are rather motives of feeling and colour than earnest studies'. Both these statements are true in relation to Gainsborough's pictures, including the portraits, but the ultimate truth is to be found at some point between the two: for Gainsborough was a superb stylist and the honesty and accuracy of his observation was at once heightened and partially concealed by the magic of his style.

Two perfect examples of his double-edged brilliance may be seen at Kenwood House. At the end of a long, light gallery overlooking the rolling landscape of the park, hangs the great portrait of Lady Howe. As a spectacle for the eye, its impact is extraordinary. The portrait conveys a mood of pensive alertness and reserved emotion: its realisation is candid and telling, a work of immense intelligence and insight conveyed in terms of blue, pink, periwinkle, and grey paint, and a swirling, nervous use of the brush that is magnificent. This is one of England's finest pictures and could hold its own with Titian, Velasquez or Goya.

In a side room at Kenwood, one is confronted by a strange painting of Lady Briscoe. An extremely tall, attenuated figure with a pompadour and a long gown swirls up from the ground at a slight angle; ghostlike, evanescent and hieratic, she appears to emanate from the landscape.

Both these paintings are of aristocratic ladies, but one is a creature of flesh and blood, the other is a phantom; in one painting, the background is incidental to the bold challenging figure and in the other, the background is a kind of potent agency from which the figure has sud-

denly materialised. One is a direct statement, the other an oblique comment.

In the endlessly enchanting and profound 'Mr. and Mrs. Robert Andrews' at the Tate exhibition, both visions are synthesised in a transcendent conception of figures in a landscape. This painting is an accurate, unsentimentalised likeness of the two sitters, but their presence is subordinated to the over-all solution of placing figures in a landscape in such a way that neither factor is pre-eminent: the actuality, the world that is created by their participation in nature is paramount. They do not emanate, psychologically, from the landscape and the woods and fields and sky are in no sense a manifestation of themselves,

as an entity. The synthesis is complete. It is no wonder that this painting is so loved by contemporary artists. Few modern artists have managed to achieve a comparable spiritual interpretation of the tension that exists between man and nature.

Gainsborough produces an even more moving study in the painting called 'Landscape with Peasant and Horses', lent to the exhibition by the Duke of Bedford. This picture has an almost Giorgionesque musical quality: there is no barrier of paint between us and the radiant sky, and the humanist content has a detached lyricism.

The arrival in this country of 'Le Ménage', from the Louvre is an event, but the picture itself, over-sweet and untypical, is a disappointment.

The two figures sitting on a bench were once thought to be of Gainsborough and his wife, and later, of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sandby. The picture is supposed to have been painted under the influence of one of Gainsborough's masters, Gravelot, but judging from the curious stiffness of the postures and the anonymity of the figures, it would seem that they may well have been derived from dressed-up puppets and placed in an imagined landscape. The right-hand section of the picture has a charming interplay of warm and cool tone values and the work as a whole has a certain French prettiness but it rests uneasily in its present company.

The exhibition also includes two small portraits of an unknown lady and gentleman, both of them unfamiliar and impressive; the large portrait of William Wollaston, who shared Gainsborough's love for music and whose bulging-eyed, eccentric personality and splendid stance is a joy to behold; the soberly composed 'River Scene with Cattle and Boats', a late picture which revives an earlier interest in Dutch painting; and the slightly later 'Morning Walk', which seems to sum up completely almost everything that Gainsborough stands for, as an artist. There are also several charming 'fancy pictures' and it is from these that we may apprehend the direction in which Gainsborough was moving at the end of his life. The very large 'Greyhounds Coursing a Fox' from the Earl of Rosebery's collection is a dramatic masterpiece and anticipates, most curiously, the fluidity and summary treatment of Degas in his occasional landscapes with animals.



'Greyhounds Coursing a Fox', by Thomas Gainsborough: from the exhibition at the Tate Gallery
Lent by the Earl of Rosebery, K.T.

'If and Perhaps and But'

HENRY REED on the prose writings of T. S. Eliot

NO poet ever really wishes to write prose. For one thing, he may well find it harder than writing verse, and will certainly find it less rewarding than writing poetry. Mr. T. S. Eliot makes a suggestive remark on this subject at the end of one of his lectures: 'If, as James Thomson observed, "lips only sing when they cannot kiss", it may also be that poets only talk when they cannot sing . . . The sad ghost of Coleridge beckons to me from the shadows'. But it was not so much this passage that provoked my opening words, as two others which I have often thought of lately while romping once more through Mr. Eliot's prose and poetry. They are not unconnected in their themes. The first is this:

As a man grows older, he may turn
To a new subject-matter, or he may treat
The same material in a different way;
As we age we both live in a different world,
And become different men in the same world.
The changes may be expressed by a change of rhythm,
Of imagery, of form: the true experimenter
Is not impelled by restless curiosity,
Or by the desire for novelty, or the wish
To surprise and astonish, but by the compulsion to find
In every new poem as in his earliest,
The right form for feelings over the development of which
He has, as a poet, no control.

The second passage runs as follows:

It seems, as one becomes older,
That the past has another pattern, and ceases to be a mere sequence—
Or even development: the latter a partial fallacy
Encouraged by superficial notions of evolution,
Which becomes, in the popular mind, a means of disowning the past.

Now it is an interesting fact that the first of these two passages, which I have quoted as verse, is really a prose fragment from an essay on Kipling, and the second, which is much more like a piece of prose, is disposed as verse on a page of Mr. Eliot's poem 'The Dry Salvages'. I hope I shall not be accused of jocularly placing these passages side by side, or be thought to confirm a vulgar opinion that modern verse is prose. I quote them because they illustrate not only one of the more extreme aspects of the fact that when a great poet is also a great prose-writer it is difficult to consider his prose and poetry separately but also the fact that poetry may break in disguised at unexpected moments. Mr. Eliot is too good a poet to admit purple passages into his prose. What I quoted was not a purple patch; but something very near to one of Mr. Eliot's own kinds of verse had crept furtively into his prose—possibly, in this instance, because for him the subject is one of strong emotional associations. No poet, I must repeat, really wishes to write prose. What I have put before you is a grotesque breaking of the tension that will often exist in a poet writing prose. In Mr. Eliot, who respects prose and writes it well, that tension rarely breaks, but we must not forget it is there.

The Rough with the Smooth

He has written, according to Mr. Hayward, 'between four and five hundred separate pieces of prose criticism, in the form of essays, reviews, lectures, addresses, and broadcasts'. It is an agreeable factor in Mr. Hayward's recent selection* from them that he is not concerned with their chronology; he puts, side by side, with interesting results, analogous or related pieces of writing which may originally have been separated in time by many years. Nor is he anxious to over-glorify his author: he makes us take the rough with the smooth. He gives us the excellent and stimulating essay of 1936 on Milton, followed by the even better lecture of 1947 which must have been at least partly provoked by public reaction to the first. He gives us the very bad early essay on 'Hamlet', followed by a parenthetic reference to it, even odder in character, from a later work. And as Mr. Eliot, to quote his own words, 'cannot bear to re-read my own prose writings', and is therefore not always quite certain what it is he is clarifying, amending, or answering,

this adds, if I may so put it, to the general fun of the thing. It is a real book that Mr. Hayward has put together, of a kind we should not have had in a chronological survey.

It is interesting, nevertheless, to pay some regard to chronology. To me it seems there are three phases in Mr. Eliot's prose writings. They are not divided from each other by dates; they overlap each other. An unfriendly critic might say that superficially they are marked, respectively, by tones of pomposity, of acerbity, and of geniality. The first period is characterised by his studies of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists and seventeenth-century poets. These have stimulated and affected our taste for many years. If they were being written today one might hope for a sounder preparation in scholarship here and there, especially in the matter of ascription of anonymous work; but there is much that is enduring in these pieces and though they are never sensational in tone they have a valuable dramatic effectiveness. There is a considerable display of learning and, looking back, Mr. Eliot has said in later days: 'In my earlier years I obtained, partly by subtlety, partly by effrontery, and partly by accident, a reputation among the credulous for learning and scholarship, of which (having no further use for it) I have since tried to disembarass myself'. This is infinitely disarming, but I wonder if he is aware that occasionally he deceived himself also. In the early essay on 'Hamlet' I have referred to, what really dismays us now is less likely to be its judgment of the play, which we can disregard, but the fact that the judgment comes from no discernible scrutiny of the play itself, but is a mere fanciful extension of the unacceptable scholarship of J. M. Robertson.

Getting at the Facts

On the other hand, when not confused with scholarship, Mr. Eliot's learning is, or was, quite admirable. There is a charming essay on Andrew Marvell of which Mr. Hayward includes only a fragment. The whole essay is typical of the way in which Mr. Eliot likes to get at the facts. In its first paragraph Donne, LaFontaine, and Baudelaire are briefly mentioned to show how different they are from Marvell. The central theme of 'wit and magniloquence' is approached by way of Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Cowley, and Milton. Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, and Swift are brought in on page two, and elbowed rapidly out. The irrelevance here of Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Yeats, and Hardy is briefly detailed. On the other hand, La Fontaine and Gautier appear as parallels. Catullus and Horace do not emerge till a paragraph or so later, giving way to Cowley, Cleveland, Keats, and Milton who execute a short *contredanse* before the reappearance of Gautier, LaFontaine, Baudelaire, and Ben Jonson, now momentarily backed up by Propertius and Ovid. Gray and Collins palely loiter on the edge of the theme for a second, Flaubert more vividly, William Morris is dealt with at some length, Dante, Villon, and Poe providing some assistance to illuminate an opposite. I hope I have not suggested that the total effect is baffling, evasive, or affected. On the contrary, Marvell, the centre of it all, remains the centre, and has rarely been so clearly and freshly and invitingly presented.

What I think of as a second phase begins to creep in under the first about 1928, just before the noble essay on Dante, of 1929. It is characterised by a good deal of thoughtful and sometimes brilliant writing on social and religious matters, and declines at times into a mysterious sharpness of tone and a nagging manner that seem somehow marginal to the distresses with which they are ostensibly connected, bad though these may be. The high point of this time is the long and brilliant essay, 'Thoughts after Lambeth', which curiously suggests a feeling I often have elsewhere that Mr. Eliot only achieves his best coherence in extended exercises. One notes that Mr. Eliot has been dissatisfied with, and let go out of print, the essays called 'After Strange Gods', in which the careful activities of the Devil in modern literature are rather subjectively estimated and deplored. The principal writer attacked is not, as one might have reasonably expected from Mr. Eliot's premises, Henry James, but 'the late Thomas Hardy'. There is a collection of facts adduced about this author, and it has been well observed that

* *Selected Prose*, edited by J. Hayward (Penguin, 2s.)

the only one Mr. Eliot gets right is the fact that Hardy is no longer alive.

What I notice in the third phase of Mr. Eliot's prose is a far greater moderation of expression and a remarkable geniality. Two of the principal pieces here are the second essay on Milton and an odd little book called 'Notes Towards the Definition of Culture'. I am a little uncertain exactly what meaning Mr. Eliot attaches to the word 'towards', and I had always supposed that the merit of the word 'culture' lay in its vagueness; however, I get the feeling that perhaps Mr. Eliot may in fact have contributed to this quality. There is finally the 1950 lecture on 'Poetry and Drama', which is a major pronouncement given in the most modest and enchanting manner. I may incidentally remark that it contains the best and most searching criticism of Mr. Eliot's own plays that I have read. I suppose that eventually we may have the interesting experience of seeing the plays defended against their author's own charges, a thought which may indeed have crossed the author's own mind for he is not incapable of gentle maliciousness.

Illuminating Criticism

A few general observations may be made. It is a commonplace (which may one day have to be re-examined) that Mr. Eliot is especially illuminating on the verse of those poets who have influenced the development of his own art. I think it may be salutary at the moment to call attention to the way he differs in method from his own most appreciative critics. What I admire in him is the soundness of instinct and the civilised method of behaviour involved in his treatment of other poets' detail. He can be illuminating about the poetic effect of this or that brief passage; but he never indulges in those fatal and elaborate analyses of other men's poetry which are, I think, the surest act of destruction a critic, however well disposed, can perform. It is not irrelevant to suggest here that much harm has been done to his own work in this way: I have even, I think, contributed a little to it. Mr. Eliot's 'Four Quartets' are rightly regarded as difficult and obscure work. I have some sympathy with readers who find them excessively so. Discreet and succinct comment on them may help the reader. But I do not think that laborious, detailed analysis of them helps the reader more than it harms the poems. I suspect that the benefit the reader gets is no more than a kindly dispensation from the necessity of reading the poems themselves. For three things happen in such studies. The critic cannot avoid reducing the poems to prose; he cannot avoid writing a new work of his own upon the palimpsest that he makes of the original; he cannot avoid killing the poem, and perhaps for a very long time. A fourth danger, that he may get it all wrong, is less sinister perhaps. It is at the very opposite point from such criticism that Mr. Eliot's own stands. His approach is natural to a poet, but it is one that critics who are not poets should also persevere to achieve.

Mr. Eliot is in that great succession of poet-critics whom he examines and often finds wanting in the book called *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, which he describes as 'a few light sketches to indicate the changes in the self-consciousness of poets thinking about poetry'. And the great things at all periods in his critical writings, whether later generations in their turn question them or not, are those general meditations on the poetic processes, on the 'use' of poetry, on the actual nature of the operation of a poem on the reader's consciousness, on Mr. Eliot's own methods, attempts, failures, and hopes. Sometimes he will, almost restlessly, wander into such observations when they are not strictly relevant, or when he is a little bored with the matter he is formally supposed to be dealing with. Poets, I may say it again, do not like writing prose.

It is easy enough to say that a poet's poetry and his prose must be considered together. It is less easy and very hazardous to estimate the interactions between them in the case of a highly conscious poet like Mr. Eliot. The *biographia literaria* we might assemble from his criticism and lay alongside the progress of his poetry would be as revealing as that of Coleridge and probably more valuable. I do not propose to attempt it. A single important strand suggests itself to me. A similarity of voice in the verse and prose is natural to a personality so highly capable of self-possession. We may also, for good or ill, see a similarity of order, of form—or the lack of it. The separate statements Mr. Eliot makes both in prose and verse, brief or extended, are arresting, vivid, and moving; in both there is much memorable apprehension, wit, gravity, melancholy, courage; in both at times the startling inversion of accepted notions. What I do not usually find in either prose or verse

is a mastered and mastering coherence; and I wonder at the cause of this lingering discontinuousness, as I may rather inexactly call it. The things that baffle in Mr. Eliot's poems are less the words than the blank spaces between the paragraphs. This is fitting enough in 'The Waste Land'. But I do not myself trust the title of 'Four Quartets' given to Mr. Eliot's last four poems. It tries, by suggesting an inapposite analogy with music, to suggest a formal organisation which is not, save perhaps in 'Burnt Norton', really there. The repeated shape of the last three 'Quartets' seems to me at times almost a subterfuge; and I do not trust critical commentary that ignores the possibility of this.

But it is in fact some of his prose that suggests my questioning the 'Quartets'. For I cannot help feeling that Mr. Eliot's long tussle with Milton, which has now come to an end in the essay of 1947, is extraordinarily revealing. In this essay Milton, so long opposed as an influence, is declared once more available as, in some sort, a model for contemporary poets. It is time, Mr. Eliot suggests, for a reaction against an abused freedom, which has in fact begun to defeat its own intentions and aspirations. Milton is proposed as 'outside the theatre, the greatest master in our language of freedom within form'. But is it solely to younger poets that Mr. Eliot is recommending 'freedom within form'? I do not think so. He is not in the habit of 'legislating', as he somewhere puts it, for others. I venture to suspect here an oblique comment on his own progress. I do not of course imagine that he is proposing for himself an epic poem on a basis of rigidly scannable verse. But I think that the Milton essay, and the play of 'The Cocktail Party' beside it, are an implicit criticism of much of Mr. Eliot's own preceding work: which is by now probably much more important and meaningful to us than to him. What is implicit in both the essay and the play is an acknowledgement of the need, new to him, of a formal artistic discipline *derived from the outside*. The freedom he and Ezra Pound demanded in earlier days was inevitable for those days. But, as Mr. Eliot says, 'we cannot, in literature, any more than in the rest of life, live in a perpetual state of revolution'. We can see that he has always felt the importance of a formal discipline, and he may seem to have invented a few new ones. But continuous self-invented discipline may decline into fabricated discipline, a reason become confused with an excuse.

That Mr. Eliot should turn for external discipline to that most unlikely form, modern stage comedy, may still seem strange, though we may comfort ourselves with the thought of the rapid difference accomplished three and a half centuries ago between 'Fedele and Fortunio' and 'The Merchant of Venice'. What Mr. Eliot has accepted in 'The Cocktail Party' is a discipline not invented by himself, and therefore a real discipline. It does not seem to me to matter that he transfers so little of his intenser power of utterance into that play. Nor will it, to my mind, matter if he transfers even less into 'The Confidential Clerk'. The important thing, if one cares for such matters, is that a poet has made a great discovery *for himself*, not in a single illumination from the poetic impulse, but at the climax of a long and continual interchange and interaction between poetic instinct and critical intelligence, between his poetry and his prose. It is at such moments that one can really see what we ought to mean by saying that we cannot separate from each other a poet's criticism and his poetry. No poet ever really wishes to write prose. Of Mr. Eliot we can at least say that his prose has somehow repaid the expense of spirit it must often have seemed to call for.—*Third Programme*

The Weeder

Grieve not, Bent Back, if work seems mostly weed

In this For Ever where all Fate shakes fierce,
Where blow-lamps of the brain can never pierce
The rock-walled riddle through! Take heart, take heed!
Maybe 'tis for the best we cannot read

Against Night's background God's strange scribble of stars,
Their grim recordings of our wounds and scars
Or what's to come for which we yet may bleed;

Grieve not!—sun's down! There is but waiting now

For mercy sleep to shutter-up the day,
Place cool, soft hands upon the heated brow
And make all fevered anguish fade away—
Fade to that unison transcending day

Where all things merge—furrow made one with plough!

HUW MENAI

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Painting in Britain 1530-1790

By E. K. Waterhouse. The Pelican History of Art. Penguin Books. 42s.

THIS IS ONE of the first volumes of the long and eagerly awaited Pelican history of art and let it be said at once that it does not disappoint the high hopes raised by this ambitious venture. The production looks clean and competent, neither pretentious nor shoddy, the quality of the plates is good, the printing clear. Most of all the editor, Professor Pevsner, is to be congratulated on having secured for one of the first samples an author as outstanding in knowledge and skill of presentation as Professor Waterhouse.

A glance at the illustrations suffices to show that this is not a rehash of familiar handbook material but an entirely fresh contribution to a difficult field of study. Its difficulties, indeed, are manifold. They arise, first, from the nature of the material which is largely scattered and hidden in private collections in town and country. This obstacle Professor Waterhouse has triumphantly surmounted in years of research. He has tracked down the rare key-paintings, signed and dated, by masters great and small, and thus laid a firm foundation for our knowledge not only of the lesser painters but also of the artistic milieu in which the leading figures grew and operated. For a long time to come his volume will remain the standard authority, the starting point of future work. But there is a second difficulty, no less formidable. It springs from a certain lack of unity in the subject itself. For this is less the history of a national school of painting than the history of paintings done in a certain geographical area. During the first 200 of the 260 years under review the dominant figures, Holbein, Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller came from abroad and can only be explained against a wide European background. Unlike some of his predecessors in the field Professor Waterhouse always makes the reader aware of this changing background not only in the case of these foreign masters but also in the discussion of their English successors. He is nowhere parochial or insular, but this widened horizon makes it all the harder for him to preserve the coherence of his story. Admirable as are the individual sections, the book would lose comparatively little of its value if the artists were arranged in alphabetical rather than in chronological order.

Part of the responsibility for this inherent weakness lies with the allocation of this particular period and subject to one volume, but it was possibly aggravated by a certain indecision in questions of method. The author, who always finds the apt phrase when characterising an artist, seems somewhat ill at ease when confronted with the larger issues. The following passage (page 189) is not only symptomatic of this malaise, it may also help to diagnose its cause: 'Unpleasant as it still is for some of us to introduce the shade of Marx into the history of art, it may contribute to the understanding of Gainsborough to make plain that, unlike Reynolds, whose finest achievements owe a good deal to his sense of social values, Gainsborough's supreme quality lay in his awareness that the beauty of the English scene lay in the lyrical exploitation of the world which lay outside the canons of social distinctions'. It is a sentence most untypical of the crisp and witty style of the author but revealing in its very obscurity. Why 'still' unpleasant? Is the history of art soon and inevitably moving towards 'the shade of

Marx?' And must we really become Marxists to understand the importance of Reynolds' social tact and of Gainsborough's pastoral longings? Moreover, is not the pastoral itself very much a category within 'the canons of social distinctions', and recognised as such long before Marx was ever heard of? Can it be that Professor Waterhouse accepts the false alternative that the historian of art must either be a 'mere connoisseur' or become a Marxist analyst? Can the history of art not become 'a piece of history' to quote the title of his unforgetten broadcast (THE LISTENER, November 6, 1952), without being caught in the dark Hegelian mills? Surely there is nothing 'unpleasant' for the historian in considering the social position of art and artists, or more particularly the social function of painting in England. It is hard to see how one could write its history without such consideration.

Yet it is on this question that Professor Waterhouse sometimes seems to waver. He writes of a work by Holbein that it was 'intended as a visible historical document rather than as a work of art' (page 9). Does this not introduce a false distinction? After all, about four-fifths of Professor Waterhouse's illustrations may be characterised as such documents, descriptive of either people, horses, topographical views, or events. It may even be argued that a little more space should have been found for the allegories of Streeter and Thornhill, the religious paintings of Hogarth and the histories of Reynolds. But for good or ill English society conceived of painting mainly as a method of making visual records. 'Fine Art' was something produced abroad and in the past. The history of this attitude and the diverse reactions it produced among painters has yet to be written. No one would be better equipped to do so than Professor Waterhouse.

To Define True Madness: Commonsense Psychiatry for Lay People

By Henry Yellowlees.

Sidgwick and Jackson. 12s. 6d.

Psychology is a popular hobby and a book on this subject, by an acknowledged expert, is bound to attract attention. But *To Define True Madness* is important for other reasons than that its author worked for twenty-seven of his first forty years of life in mental hospitals and is now one of our leading psychiatrists. It is important, first, because Dr. Yellowlees is one of the few doctors who are able to write in simple and pleasant English, and secondly, because he has shown exceptional skill in presenting his material. Instead of writing about strange people known to us as neurotics and psychotics, he writes about ourselves. However bold the front we maintain to the world, we all suffer, to some extent, from anxiety neuroses, delusions, obsessions, and projections. So Dr. Yellowlees has organised for our instruction a series of tours, not of asylums, but of our own minds, demonstrating to us the little stupidities, the personal weaknesses and arrogances, which, if they were unhappily to grow stronger, might lead to our being certified. And admirable and highly informative these tours are, humiliating to us at times, but calculated to do us a power of good.

'Even the most complacent of us', he writes—and how complacent most of us are—'would do well to regard people to whom we have affixed the label "inferiority complex" merely as players with a bigger handicap than our own, and perhaps not so very much bigger at that. The essence of their trouble is that they take

for their slogan the motto of all neurotics: "If things were different, I should be different." ... Doing their best in the race means nothing to them, but appearing to do better than others means a great deal'. In discussing that common ailment, the anxiety neurosis, Dr. Yellowlees states that the greatest asset anybody can possibly have is to possess confidence in his environment. He writes: 'We emerge from the dark at one end of life only to re-enter it at the other, and the great distinguishing mark of a psychologically mature and well-equipped personality is the ever-present sense that the dark behind and around us is somehow friendly'. Yes, there is a great deal of wisdom in this book, but it is so unobtrusively inserted that we are liable to pass on without having realised the value of what we have just read. This is a book which should be read for our own good. Unlike most things taken for our good, Dr. Yellowlees' medicine can be swallowed with great pleasure.

Recollections of the Cambridge Union 1815-1939. Edited by Percy Cradock. Bowes and Bowes. 12s. 6d.

Only Voltaire could have done justice to the Cambridge Union. This grotesque and ridiculous institution that stands hidden behind the Round Church of the Knights Templar where young men, portly in their adolescence, ape their elders' sententious speeches would have given him much to laugh about, much to reflect upon. He would have found it earnest and enthusiastic, *farouche* to a degree, long-winded and boring. 'If only they taught rhetoric in England ...' he might have said to himself, or to Congreve, but then, probably, he would have realised that if they had taught rhetoric they would have drowned that occasional descant which is heard, perhaps twice in a term, to carry a sentiment of importance, whose sincerity is a product of its sententiousness.

The Union's history is not, except by provincial standards, a great one. Millions of 'ums', billions of 'ers', a handful of orators; a line of asterisks in the list of officers to denote the 'mentions' in the *Dictionary of National Biography* which are less numerous than the line of lights that show that the Genosse smacks are fishing at night—this is what the Union has to show. Macaulay, Maitland, Keynes, a Butler or two, Leslie Stephens, the Trevellyans, lawyers, judges, and bishops—these are the great men, or rather the men who were great afterwards. It is much more than a respectable record but, reading between the lines, it appears that, if ever the Union had a monopoly of talent in the university, it lost it soon after 1840. Sunderland and Smythe, Winthrop Praed and Lord John Manners—these were its heroes. Of all who came after them, only J. K. Stephen and Gandar Dower seem to have been fused from the same chemicals. They are the unknown, and it is to them that Mr. Cradock has devoted this delightful and distinguished book.

Devoted is, perhaps, too strong a word; but it is his appreciation of those who lived 'only to astonish a generation of undergraduates', his recognition that a certain coarseness is the attribute of any more mature success, that give form and unity to what might otherwise have been yet another shiny and competent contribution to nineteenth-century studies in the manner of G. M. Young. It is this and something else—a peculiar feminine quality in his style that brings his subjects to individual life and removes them from their environment in the way that a

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novelist such as Virginia Woolf removes her subjects from theirs, and yet does not prevent him from placing them firmly in it as only a good historian can. His accounts of the rise and fall of the Young England Movement; of Sunderland who despised the Tennysons, 'even the sloppy one'; of the last speech and the brain fever of J. K. Stephen; of the disdained promise of Smythe, are superb. He has written an astonishing study of the gap between promise and actuality, which, for its penetration into the motives of semi-deliberate failure, is not short of those to be found in *A Rebours* and in *Obolomov*.

'Devoted', a paragraph back, was too strong a word again because this book is a minor masterpiece in another way. Not since Mr. Young's *Portrait of an Age* have there been so well-written, so evocative or so sympathetic a social and intellectual history of the period. More is the pity that when Mr. Cradock has closed his section of the book with the death of Queen Victoria, the Last Post should be followed by a ragged volley of reminiscences. Various distinguished presidents: H. Wilson Harris, Sir Arnold MacNair, Sir Norman Birkett, Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, R. A. Butler, A. N. Ramsey, Lionel Gamlin, Geoffrey de Freitas, Frank Singleton, and Lord Dunboyne have contributed accounts of the three to four years that made up their own undergraduate generations. Mr. Frank Singleton is probably the best of them, the others tend to be repetitive. They deal with their periods, inevitably, as participants, and although there are good stories and some of the patterns of the nineteenth century re-appear in the cellophane of the twentieth, such is the gap between recollection and history that their contributions seem as unappetising as a meal of trodden grapes after the intoxication of Mr. Cradock's golden Barsac.

Thomas Hughes. By Edward C. Mack and W. H. G. Armytage. Benn. 30s.

This book is a fair and factual account of the life of Thomas Hughes—with the apt sub-title 'The Life of the Author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*'. The sub-title might almost stand in lieu of the whole biography. There is nothing else one need know about Hughes, and if there is, it is supplied by the excellent 'Spy' cartoon which is happily included by our two authors. The cartoon shows Hughes as pompous, inquisitive, self-satisfied, arrogant, and *lean* (one suspects its subject, as Caesar did Cassius, of thinking too much and seeing no plays). And since this book, whatever its faults, is entirely honest, it really amounts—when not concerned with Tom Brown and Rugby—to a prolonged and tautological discussion of characteristics already summarised by the admirable 'Spy'.

For let us be plain about this matter. Hughes, whether as man or author, was two things—a sportsman and a prig. (What other combination could more readily ensure immortality among the British?) As a sportsman, first, he is seen at his best in the pages of *Tom Brown*. Here one may find a superb description of a bout at singlesticks, the best account (bar Conan Doyle) ever written of a boxing match, and some very fair pieces on rugby football and cricket. The whole thing is bursting with guts, vigour, and country lore; and, supported as it is by a minor literary gift, carries one on without difficulty to a sloppy but apposite conclusion—by Thomas Arnold's grave. The prig in Hughes is only indistinctly glimpsed throughout, and is rendered rather touching by a certain sub-homosexual sympathy with which he treats even the least palatable oddities (Religion, Duty) which arise among his characters. Furthermore, on the evidence of *Tom Brown*, one would say Hughes must have been a lovable, irresponsible,

rather 'butch' sort of boy, who heeded neither his catechism nor his letters: and indeed Mr. Armytage and Mr. Mack make a point of his having been thoroughly lazy and hardly *persona grata* with Dr. Arnold. So far so good for Thomas Hughes.

But, as in fiction so in life, the trouble starts when he leaves school behind him. As for fiction, just take a look at *Tom Brown at Oxford*. No living man (except, presumably, Mr. Armytage and Mr. Mack) has ever been able to read through it. Brown, from being an amiable if philistine urchin, becomes, under the influence of a sizar of his college, industrious, disapproving, and unutterably dull: he falls in love with honourable intentions, saves his money to get married, gives up gambling, and casts a damper like the flood on every party he gets near. Sport still figures largely, but by now he is rowing either *ad maiorem Dei gloriam* or, perhaps, as an antidote to masturbation. Finally, of course, *exit* to a long life of grim purpose, angels singing, and the appeased ghost of Dr. A. looking down from heaven.

Life held a similar story. Despite a gay and horsey start at Oxford, Hughes became one of the portentous Rugebians who preached Arnold all down the High, spread guilt like a cloud, and thoroughly overcast the blue skies of the Regency. He saw the light; married a girl called Fanny; developed a social conscience; deplored Gibbon; and loved 'a plain song with good words'. What more to say? Oh, yes; he started an Anglo-American Association for 'mutual enlightenment'—*Verb. sap.*

But of course it's no good grumbling. The story is symptomatic of the history of its day. For Prinny was dead, Brummell was rotting in France, and play-time was definitely over. Hughes and Dean Stanley were the new sort of men for a new sort of age; and if you want the whole dismal lesson drummed in for a good 300 pages, then let Mr. Mack and Mr. Armytage do it.

The Wake of the Bounty

By C. S. Wilkinson. Cassell. 18s.

The evidence that Fletcher Christian, leader of the *Bounty* mutineers, ever returned to England from Pitcairn Island is pretty thin, but he may have done so. Mr. Wilkinson's assembly of evidence that Wordsworth looked after him in England vanishes, quite literally, into nothing when it is examined. The direct connection of Wordsworth with Christian boils down to the single fact that Wordsworth at the age of six spent six months at the same Cocker-mouth school as Christian, who was then twelve. Mr. Wilkinson has relied on out-of-date authorities. He says there is no record of when Wordsworth and Coleridge first met, but there is—in a published letter of Wordsworth's. He says we do not know where Wordsworth was in 1795 till he went to Racedown, but we do—the north, London with Basil Montagu, Bristol with the Pinneys. He says Wordsworth's statement at the end of his life that he went to Racedown in 1796 (it was really 1795) was meant to conceal his presence in the west in 1795 helping Christian: Wordsworth is notoriously weak at dates, and this was after half a century. Mr. Wilkinson gets the story of Lord Lonsdale and the Patterdale property in 1806 muddled, because he has only studied the 1851 *Memoir*, which muddles it, and not the published correspondence where it is quite clear, and he suggests fantastic deductions from it. These are typical errors.

Wordsworth, Mr. Wilkinson's argument runs, having conveyed Christian to safety somewhere in the north, told Coleridge about the *Bounty* and Coleridge based 'The Ancient Mariner' on it. But Coleridge, if he wished, could have done that anyway. Those mutineers who surrendered

at Tahiti were court-martialed here in 1792 and three were hanged. In 1794 Christian's brother published a vindication of him. In 1796 bogus letters from Christian were published. Coleridge finished 'The Ancient Mariner' in 1798. This book, commendable for reprinting first-hand information about the *Bounty*, will as a self-styled 'piece of literary detection' mislead those not in a position to judge. The need for a new life of Wordsworth, to include all the new material and supersede Harper's, is very clear. Such a life is, we understand, in preparation.

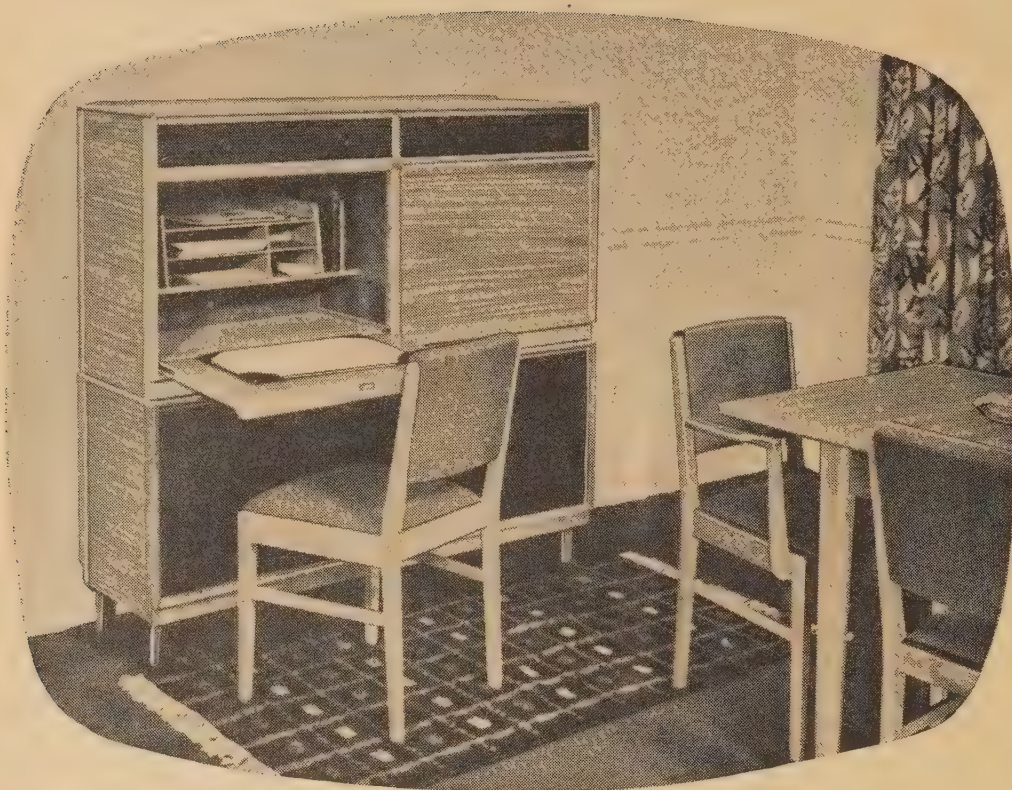
Creating an Industrial Civilisation: A Report on the Corning Conference.
Edited by Eugene Staley.

Bodley Head. 21s.

In May, 1951, nearly one hundred men and women met together at the Corning Glass Works, New York, for three days' earnest discussion. The conference, organised to mark the firm's centennial, was jointly sponsored by the American Council of Learned Societies and the firm who, apparently, spared no expense to make it a success. Those who participated were drawn from a diversity of backgrounds and different countries; they included financiers, anthropologists, business leaders, philosophers, trade union officials, psychologists, historians, management consultants, sociologists, and journalists. Great wealth and great learning met at the court of industry, attended by experts in the 'know-how' of man management and machine control and by highbrows in disguise, engaged in that most highbrow activity of defending the lowbrow.

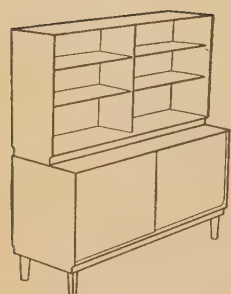
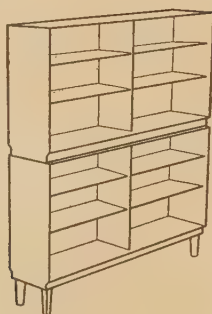
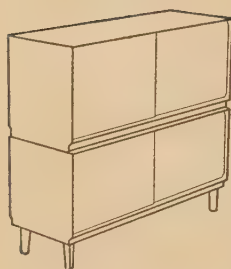
This book records in descriptive and narrative form the proceedings of the four groups into which the assembly was divided. Each group had a dominant theme: 'Work and Human Values', 'Leisure and Human Values', 'The Individual's Sense of Community' and 'Confidence in Life'. All were related to the American industrial scene and to a common point of concern: the place of human values in a world increasingly ruled by the products of mechanical technology. Signposts and maps were provided for the groups in the form of 'background' papers written by five distinguished participants. The book is worth reading for these alone for they have a coherence of thought and a sustaining interest which the discussion chapters inevitably lack at times. Nevertheless, looked at through English spectacles, one cannot help being struck by the liveliness and vigour of the debates, the imaginative language and the provocative insights displayed.

The topics picked up and explored by the different speakers in the four groups ranged far and wide: the satisfactions and dissatisfactions in work of the 'low man on the totem pole'; the impact of industrial discipline on life outside the factory; the conflicts inherent in the demands for psychological abundance and social abundance (the guns and butter of the American worker); the need to restore the individual's confidence in life through competence in leisure. It was (and is) virtually impossible to sum up the cross-current of ideas, but three themes stand out prominently in all the discussions. They signify some of the major preoccupations of present-day American society. There is, first, the remarkable growth of interest in human relations in industry and the belief of the industrialists, not shared by all the speakers, that they have developed a skill in handling the worker which is the envy of the world. Secondly, there is America's great preoccupation with the problem of leisure—why is it a problem? Leisure, it seems, is now mandatory; there is no escape from it because America has lost her psychological innocence and all leisure activity must pass the test of social approval. Hence, the



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and to represent the most important business of the conference was neatly phrased by Margaret Mead: how can we make self-consciousness bearable to Americans?

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Videhi. By C. L. Holden. Macmillan. 15s.

The Sea Shall Not Have Them. By John Harris. Hurst and Blackett. 9s. 6d.

WITH every novel I read I become more convinced that what matters above all is its humanity. What does this much-abused word mean? It means simply, for the novelist, the mockery of brutality in life, and the praise of gentleness in it—a need which is, perhaps, peculiar to the novel. A poem can by its lyricism, its sheer sensual beauty and euphony, deal with brutishness, admire it even. But the novelist does so at his peril. This is one of the reasons why I hope that the influence of current American fiction on European writers is only temporary, and we shall return to that *cortesia*, or gentleness of civilisation, which appears to belong to nations that have passed through the Middle Ages. I use the word 'gentleness' advisedly, aware that it may cause a smile; but there is no word in English for *cortesia*. The three novels under review here all, by their possession or lack of this quality, illustrate the point.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the author of the first, *Love Among the Ruins*, is a continuous mocker—but because it is the brutish element in man that he mocks, he is, with all his bile and cynicism, fundamentally humane. When he writes, as here, of houses being wantonly burned down, of human beings incinerated, of bureaucratic inhumanity and mass mentality, it is to laugh at it—rather as Voltaire laughs at Popes' daughters' bottoms being cut off. Together with this he has been saying for the last twenty years, as I see it, two things—that the English middle classes should be treated as a joke (Grimes, Apthorpe, etc.), and the English upper classes as a sacrament. Brideshead is an altar. In his later books he has tried to combine these statements—not always successfully. But his writing has always saved him; he cannot write a dull line. Some people say he should have stuck to satire and geying the Grimeses, that he becomes a bore among the Catholic aristocracy—I thought he was a Lord among the wits, but I find he is only a wit among the Lords'. I disagree. Like most of my generation, I have been buffeted about far too much by Hitler and other prophets of violent change not to respect tradition and the support it gives—and a Catholic corset is as good as any other. In any case, *Love Among the Ruins* belongs to the pre-Brideshead vintage. No priests or Viscounts, Fabergé cigarette-cases, Braddenham hams or 'chimney-pieces' disturb Mr. Waugh's vision here of how ugly is the vast, amorphous, middle-class millenium to which the planned century is leading us. His hero is of the old kind too (which is to say that he makes no pretensions to being of flesh and blood), a cheerful criminal-idiot of the Grimes-Loveday school belonging to the late 'twenties, who has committed arson, manslaughter, treason and prejudicial conduct. Most Waugh enthusiasts will, I think, approve of this, contending that he is best when mocking. *Castigat ridendo mores* is his device, and it is true that when he inscribes something more equestrian on his banner it is apt to be incomprehensible.

Here they will certainly find the old characters—a disillusioned welfare-state clerk who reflects gloomily, 'I've been in Contracep-

tion five years. It's a blind alley'; a girl who has been sterilised to improve her dancing—but imperfectly, so that her glands have revolted and she has grown a beard, which of course attracts the Wavian hero. There is something in Mr. Waugh's coarseness (I think of the privy too, with which he makes such play in *Men at Arms*) which belongs to the Third Form; to which he will no doubt reply that the big boys in the Sixth read Aristophanes, his ancestor in the humane-satiric tradition—and that that playwright makes different species mate with one another, even defecate, upon the stage! And so, in his usual impeccable prose, he adds his sexually attractive bearded lady (illustrating her incidentally with some arch little drawings done, he claims, by Antonio Canova and himself).

This satire against 'Progress' and the new ruling class seeks, says the publisher's note, 'only to provide an hour's amusement for the still civilised'. As we all like to think we belong to this select little band, it should give a lot of people a lot of fun. We clearly ought all to belong to the eighteenth century and be aristocrats in it (Mr. Waugh seems to say); but we have, alas, to live in the twentieth, with television, the 'Bevan-Eden Coalition', as he calls it, and the London School of Economics. And so he plays the role that Voltaire played against the ruling class and century to which Mr. Waugh would like to return himself.

Mr. Holden, the author of *Videhi*, seems at first sight about as far from Mr. Waugh as anyone could be. He writes in deadly earnest, without a grain of humour, about the emotional progress from childhood to womanhood of a Hindu girl, and peoples the background of contemporary India with serious young doctors and journalists who discuss Socialism, Progress and the New India. I confess that in the first ten pages I became a little apprehensive. Sentences about Indian intellectuals meeting for recreation, such as, 'they frequently began by talking about poetry and ended by talking about politics', made me suspect a tract. Logical Positivism loomed. I thought how right Mr. Waugh was about the London School of Economics. But Mr. Holden soon turned out to be, like his heroine, 'more interested in people than ideas'. Moreover he is an artist. If we call his earnestness sincerity, his lack of humour seriousness (in the French sense), and appreciate the remarkable skill of his picture of awakening female passions and velleities, it is of Mr. E. M. Forster rather than Mr. Laski that this first novel makes us think. In spite of a certain monotony in the dialogue (the characters all speak the same monotonous, toneless prose) he holds our interest till the end, and we understand why four earnest men, of varying ages, each in turn comes under the heroine's spell. And to fall in love with Videhi must be like falling in love with a brilliant, beautiful, morally perfect, self-willed Girton girl.

Videhi revolts against the traditional 'arranged' marriage still current for all classes in India, abandons her husband and takes to medicine, a 'career'—to the horror of her parents. How she finds love, only to have it

dashed from her by her lover's death; of the stoical resignation with which she accepts her lot, burying herself in work until, years after, she meets her husband again, and accepts him—this is the story of *Videhi*. It has been told before and will doubtless be told again. Mr. Holden's originality lies in his remarkable presentation of a young girl's changing mind as she grows up. The love she feels for the kindly, obese Indian journalist is simply and movingly done. Attempts have been made before by members of one sex to write a novel from the point of view of the other—generally unsuccessfully. Mr. Holden is completely convincing. His story is about women and their emotions, subtle and submissive in contrast with those of men, harsh and overbearing—and some readers may find he has tilted the scales too heavily against his own sex. I found the portrait of the unfortunate husband, for instance, unfair (but Mr. Holden would reply that it is the system of 'arranged' marriage, not the individual, he is here indicting). In women, he seems to say, we are more likely to find the typically Indian philosophy—that happiness, if it exists, lies in quietness and acceptance, not in money, material prosperity or the exercise of power. He has lived long in India, has married an Indian, and clearly admires these values. There is something about Mr. Holden as mild and gaminivorous as Mahatma Gandhi himself. As a westerner, I cannot say I entirely agree with him; but his picture of Videhi and her mother, Shalini, are memorable because he feels in this way about them. Although this story is about Indian women, set in an Indian background—the Ganges and the teeming cities, the riots and the heat and the monsoons—it is really about women everywhere. It is a sensitive, moving piece of writing by a high-principled man.

The Sea Shall Not Have Them is a completely told tale about sea-air rescue and three men in a tub. They float about in the North Sea, insult one another, strike one another, and talk their own language. The book abounds with such phrases as, 'a whack across the bread-basket when we ditched'; 'a kite in the drink'; or (to a woman), 'tell her to put her dukes up and give her a fat eye so she can't go out for a fortnight'. This sort of thing has the effect on me of a piece of chalk being rubbed across a wet patch on the blackboard—nor do I find extenuating circumstances in the fact that the lecturer is addressing schoolboys. This is indeed a splendid book for boys, 'the heroic story', say the publishers, 'of ordinary men who are not heroes and yet, in the last resort, are nothing else'. No doubt. And there were many in the recent wars; we all admire them and are grateful to them. But I am tired of the wars and brutality and heroes and toughs and their jargon. If I have to read a book about the sea, I prefer it to be about *The Quiet Sea*, 'Jimmy the Bastard, they call me', boasted one air-mechanic, 'I drink blood and eat rivets'. Yes, indeed—we shall have enough of Jimmy the Bastard and his rivets in the next war. Let's leave him there till then.

ANTHONY RHODES

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Technical Marvels

AS TELEVISION ADVANCES we shall have to get used to the new word 'telerecording': it will often recur in *Radio Times* programme announcements. The term has now been internationally accepted. It denotes a recording on film of a television programme as it is being transmitted. 'Press Conference' last Friday night was a telerecording. The Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, could not be present in the studio. The B.B.C. undertook to organise the programme to suit his arrangements. It was televised on what is called a closed circuit, meaning that it did not go out to the public, and a film camera was set up in front of the screen. What we saw on Friday night was the film version. Television producers prefer not to use the technique, which often gives pictures of inferior quality and costs money, about £2 a minute. The telerecording process is one of convenience, a 'ghosting' operation that is sometimes indispensable.

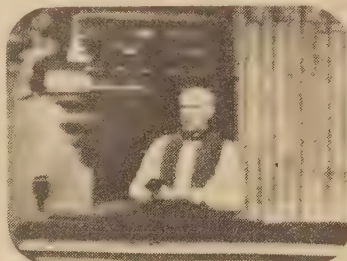
'Press Conference' was a greater success for television than it was for Mr. Nehru, whose presence was more immediately sympathetic than his reputation had led one to expect. Speaking with an accent like that of a member for one of the Welsh constituencies, say Ebbw Vale, he retorted with vigorous self-assertion only once and that was when he had been pricked on the subject of Africa. On China, which has 2,000 miles of frontier with India, he spoke with measured reserve while contriving to leave us assured that he was withholding nothing of what he knows, an important part of diplomatic practice.

Taking care to disclaim, with the characteristic shrug of the eastern mind, any knowledge of and, by implication, much interest in the new western development of television—'I really don't know anything about it'—the Indian Prime Minister was assailed by a too rapid cross-fire of attack to give him the chance to frame answers reflecting his experience and powers. Of

random coconut-shy effect produced by the quick succession of often dissociated questions. The programme was none the less compelling to the attention and too soon ended, a striking tribute to the magnetic pull of television even on those who may resent it.

In the last week or two Television Newsreel has been overshadowed by the remarkably successful activities of the outside broadcasting—'O.B.'—side of television. That may explain but should not excuse the Newsreel's recent lapses in its news function. More than one item has had little or no news justification: the African big-game hotel, the fish hatchery at Quebec, the long piece about the industrial and social potential of the plastics revolution. Television Newsreel has been raised to a highly commendable level of efficiency in its five weekly editions. Because that is so, these deviations seem the more marked. They introduce the magazine touch, which takes us back to 'Picture Page'. Television Newsreel should squarely face its responsibility to the viewers, even though O.B. may occasionally seem to take the edge off it.

Undeniably it is O.B. which has run off again with most of the credit accruing to television since the Coronation. The Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's; Trooping the Colour; the Royal Tournament; the Royal School of Needlework exhibition; the Boy Scouts' Pageant; the Test Match; the Royal Review at Spithead—all these, without benefit of script or rehearsal and involving sometimes the limits in technical emergency risks, provided fine spectacles for us viewers, who can but marvel at the ingenuities which gave us optical access to them. The more I see of television (and few do see more of it), the less ready I am to take it for granted.



As seen by the viewer: the Coronation Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral—the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching the sermon; and (right) the Bishop of London taking leave of Her Majesty the Queen



The first Test Match, at Trent Bridge—Tattersall bowled by Lindwall during England's first innings; and (right) Harvey waiting to go in when Australia was batting

Photographs: John Cura

the three editors present, H. V. Hodson, of *The Sunday Times*, made the best show of sticking to a point. Kingsley Martin, of *The New Statesman*, and Donald McLachlan, assistant editor of *The Economist*, did little to diminish the



Mr. Nehru in 'Press Conference' on June 12

Left: the Queen Mother at the Royal School of Needlework exhibition of Coronation robes, which was televised on June 10

The cameras in St. James's Palace enabled us to move, visually, in exalted company. They gave us what the commercial film cameras, for all their thrustful-enterprise, have rarely achieved, a 'close-up' of a queen. There was a point at which Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was made to seem to be posing exclusively for us, her dignity and charm regally impervious to our gaping.

'Trooping the Colour' was pictorially more successful, I thought, than in previous years. Henry Green's commentary was just right for an overcast day, amiably informative, easy to hear. The Royal Navy review at Spithead gave a splendid spectacle by day and by night. Not that the television cameras mastered every imposing perspective, but as a first public attempt at sending pictures from sea to land it was a meritorious performance.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Histrionics

AT A TIME when the minds of men and perhaps even more of women are intolerably strained by the excitements, the drama and the passion of the cricketing season, with its attendant hazards, dazzling weather, and national ebb and flow of hope and rage—'England all collapse', etc.—I think the television drama advisers do us a true service in giving us, for the second Sunday in succession, an admirably unexciting little light comedy. Not, of course, that 'Harlequinade' was as thin or feeble as the Coronation Cockney Comedy; but it was not quite overwhelming as drama either. Actually I think it came off better on television than it did on the stage; when this happens—which is not, let us admit, very often and is usually confined to Ibsen and ice shows—one should say so, for the honour of that muse vaguely described as The Medium.

When we first saw it, 'Harlequinade' came as an epilogue, postlude, or curtain lowerer to a strangely affecting little study of an unhappily married schoolmaster called 'The Browning Version'. Miss Mary Ellis and Mr. Eric Portman had here most movingly reminded us that 'theatre', for all its faults and limitations, could still seem extremely important and true; and we were the less in the mood to see 'theatre' turned upside down and made fun of, however affectionately. But I remember thinking at the time that the farce seen on its own would probably seem much funnier and so—after the sad, dubious *bonhomie* of 'What's My Line?'—it proved to do. We shall not, it seems, see it again, for by the day these lines appear we shall be ankle deep in 'Tosca'. Opera singers being no less funny than actresses, we shall have to keep our mind off the histrionics which are Mr. Rattigan's subject.

I hardly see how Mr. Portman or Miss Ellis, given the words, could have been better than they were; wonderful displays, both, of that staggering, empty, elastic charm with which the most highly tried of all professions armours itself against the horrors of an opening night outside the West End.



'Harlequinade', with (left to right) Eric Portman as Arthur Gosport, Marie Löhr as Dame Maud Gosport, and Mary Ellis as Edna Selby

It was all here: the dazed, irresponsible but withal courtly acceptance of the outside world (war, marriage, etc.) when it forced itself on the 'real' world of our play, our notices, darling, your marvellous performance. The huge volume of emotional response, quite incalculable in advance apparently, and engulfing a death, a birth, or the news that hot vegetables will be served with the cold meat in the digs after the show, in one and the same tremendous, overwhelming thing. Miss Ellis was particularly funny with all this; and the threading of fatuities and fuss upon the high, windy rhetorical scenes from Romeo made a very happy if facile pattern for farce.

But in some ways Mr. Rattigan fails to keep the rules and he was not put right by the producer, Hal Burton (who probably decided Mr. Rattigan knew best). The fun, it seems to me,

is only to be kept up if the contrast between the mad inner world of the mimes, and the hum-drum, real world outside is firmly maintained. The contrasting character of the producer, for instance, played by Anthony Oliver, was exactly right in tone; so, in a lesser way, was the copper, played by Robert Perceval. But things went wrong when some of the others started to add their own criticism of the characters they were playing; in other words, to underline them a little and try to show that they too could see the joke. I admit Mr. Rattigan has not quite played fair. The lines given to the funny secretary, the funny Midland boy with his one big chance, the funny Midland mum and baby, are all rather coarse and obvious, especially close-up in television; they should have been toned down accordingly, not enlarged. Still, it made a pleasant evening and a short one.

If I seem to have dwelt at undue length upon this mild farce, it must be recalled that the week has not been fruitful in what we may call intentional (as opposed to fortuitous) drama. The serials go along nicely, though I think it would be unjust to apply to them the stringent standards of criticism which we reserve for the local repertory company. The comics have pulled their faces. Various musical celebrities appeared: Mr. Menuhin on Monday and Miss Evelyn Rothwell last Sunday, the latter simply charming because apparently not at all shy, still less rattled by having to chat just when an obnoxious, even as distinguished as she, would be glad of a 'breather'.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

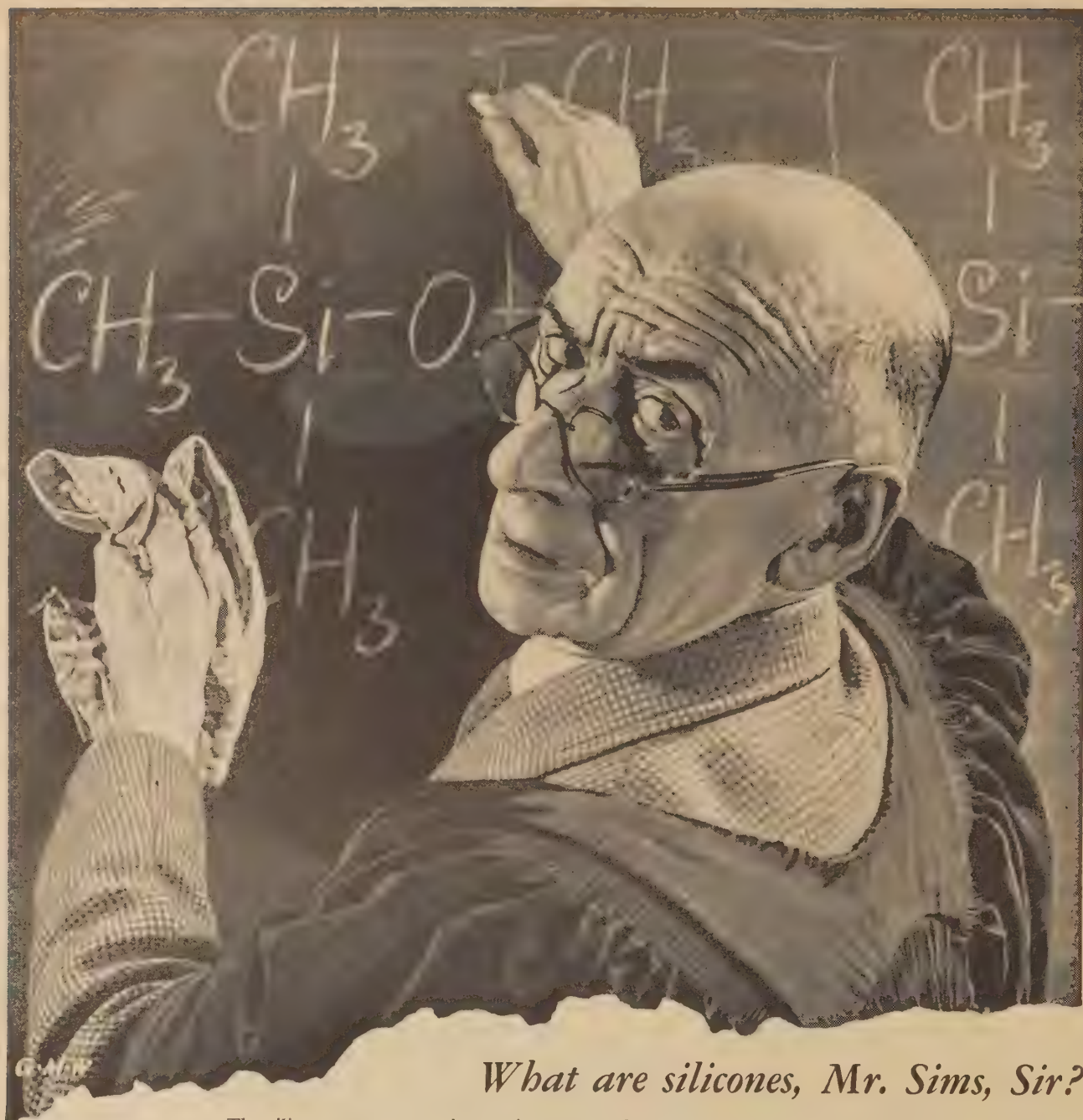
DRAMA

Water Music

'Tut, tut, child!' said the Duchess to Alice, 'Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it'. I was sorry that there had to be a moral in Thierry Maulnier's 'Sunken City' (Third), translated by Norman Cameron. The setting itself excites: that city beneath the sea, its 'handsome liquid roof': the drowned land of Ys (from Breton legend) that strives to communicate with the world above. The waters have swept over Ys: some hold that the Princess, waiting for her lover, left open a sluice gate. There, anyway, it is: the kind of romantic fable that can pull at the imagination: a legend of the coast, of the tops of church steeples visible sometimes through clear water, of bells that on certain nights peal from a drowned city. In Cornwall I grew up with one of these legends. At first, then, the land of Ys, off the Breton coast, seemed familiar enough, but not as the French dramatist went on to explore it. 'La Ville au fond de la Mer': an admirable scene when one plunges—surely the word here—into Rider Haggardish invention. That is not Maulnier's method; he turns towards allegory; he is explaining why Ys has lost the power of communication with other lands; how, throughout the world, the 'sea', in various forms, must cover people who have lost faith, forgotten their duties.



Yehudi Menuhin with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, in the television programme on June 8



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Maulnier begins with the right romantic gleam. It is imaginative when the women of Ys remember the names of the lost stars. It is imaginative when we go back later to the evening on which Ys was overwhelmed. (The sound effects amply persuaded us; it could so easily have been a bath overflowing, but this was truly the sea itself that came in great rollers like a crazy herd.) Alas, excitement faded. Even Leon Quartermaine's beautiful speaking as a soothsayer could not mask the fact that Maulnier was beginning to preach.

A scene for a quartet of councillors, the voices properly contrasted, fussy, bell-booming, silken, thorny, ran on too long. In spite of Maulnier's sharp prods of irony, his sudden chuckles, we felt that he was waiting to moralise. How can the city be reborn from the sea? The soothsayer is ready. The problem is how to unite the people of Ys; and we find that—to quote another poet—they must march breast forward, never doubting clouds will break, greeting the unseen with a cheer. Obediently, the people cast off the weight of their misfortunes, and march; at once the play rises again to excitement as Ys surfaces. We hear the sound of the moving multitude, a cry as the waters break, as the King sees the spire of the drowned cathedral 'hurting like a javelin into the day'. This is first-class radio: Raymond Raikes produced it with the expected imagination. Earlier, I could have wished for more narrative and less allegorising. But the beginning and the end held; and there the true music crept by us on the waters.

That takes us to another strange play of the week (Third). Archibald MacLeish wrote it; it lasted for only three-quarters of an hour, and it would be hard to say what it was about. People are talking under the moon on a warm summer night upon an island in the Antilles ('How smooth the wind is—like a river!') Nothing appears to happen; and yet the listener finds himself affected as by some passage of Chekhov that can bring back all his yesterdays. It is a summoning of mood, a minor evocative miracle. One can only murmur the line—maybe it must be called 'hackneyed' now—from another island play, about sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not. MacLeish takes his title, 'This Music Crept by Me on the Water', more or less from another passage in 'The Tempest'. We are grateful to him, to D. G. Bridson, and to the speakers—Robert Eddison for one—for an experience that belongs purely to sound radio. Having said this it is at once confounding—and almost hard to credit—to know that MacLeish designed the piece to be televised.

Not long before, I had been at sea with Conrad's 'Typhoon' (Light), compressed by John Watt into a stormy forty-five minutes. Inevitably, no doubt, the typhoon overmasters the play; it has to be at the centre, and the effect is smothering. Although Gordon McLeod offered a 'credible idea' of Captain MacWhirr and his gift for understatement, the piece was hard on both actors' voices and listening ears. 'Death in Captivity' (Home), W. P. Rilla's version of the Michael Gilbert novel, was a complicated, claustrophobic prison-camp play—this time an Italian camp—that laboured along what are now deeply rutted tracks. Finally, a short piece, Norman Creighton's 'The Thoughtful Man' (Home), on and off a ferry-boat, slid a little too smoothly from the mind, or—maybe—crept past unobserved.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Coronation Postscript

HITCHES OF A purely personal kind put me out of touch with the B.B.C. for the greater part of last week and so I take the opportunity to

discuss various talks, heard during the week of the Coronation, which I left myself no room to mention last week. The impending event seems to have touched off in the mind of somebody in Broadcasting House the fruitful idea of arranging for three talks, under the title 'Coronation Year', giving personal impressions of life in England at the dates of the three previous Coronations by speakers each of which was in his early twenties at the time. G. M. Young took us back to 1902, the coronation year of Edward VII, known on the continent as 'the uncle of Europe', when, as the speaker put it, England was a very good country for gentlemen, with income tax small and domestic services cheap. In those peaceful days no aeroplanes roared overhead and even the motor-car, followed, except when (as often) it broke down, by its mounting wave of dust, was a rare and execrated phenomenon. *Love and Mr. Lewisham* was barely two years old and *Kim* and *Three Plays for Puritans* only a few months. Mr. Young is a delightful broadcaster whose free, conversational style takes us along at exactly the right speed for enjoyment.

Sir Llewellyn Woodward qualified by age to recall 1911, the year in which George V was crowned. He described himself as a middle-class, suburban Londoner who had learnt his Greek and Latin at school, had read much modern English literature borrowed from the excellent London borough libraries, and at the time of the Coronation was up at Oxford. In those days, he said, a young Londoner of the middle classes was unlikely to take up with conservatism and if he turned left it was not to communism but syndicalism, namely trade unionism. It was about this time that the growth of the German navy became a threat, but the threat was countered by the Anglo-French and Anglo-Russian Ententes, and in England there was a sense of security both external and internal. Civilisation was taken for granted.

To people who, like me, have a selective memory which vividly recalls certain details, forgets others, and forgets, too, the general characteristics of life at periods of their past, these two excellent talks revealed much of which we knew nothing, recalled vivid memories, and brought to the surface others which were half submerged.

The date of the third talk, by Philip Toynbee, was 1937, the year of George VI's Coronation. This talk had virtues of another kind. Mr. Toynbee at twenty was a very special case as he most interestingly and amusingly revealed to us, and his reminiscences were not so much historical as autobiographical, though autobiography of such a special kind has, of course, its implications. Already as a schoolboy he was a communist, but a communist, I gathered, by nature rather than by creed—one who was *anti* the English way of life in general without being *pro* anything very particular. At Oxford he took his communism more seriously, engaged in public speaking and contact work, and even attended conferences in various continental cities during the vacation. Mr. Toynbee did justice to the honesty and earnestness of himself and his young friends while poking excellent fun at various little inconsistencies in their behaviour.

But the most important talks of that week were one by Lord David Cecil on the eve of the Coronation, called 'The Magnificence of Coronations', in which he drew attention to the spiritual aspect of the ceremony, and the other by Christopher Salmon called 'The Trumpets Have Sounded', given on the following Saturday and repeated on Monday last week, summing up his impressions as a spectator and describing what he felt to be the significance of the ceremony, the pageantry that preceded and followed it, and the enthusiasm of the crowds of spectators. Lord David analysed the function of

ritual and ceremony on great occasions in relating the world of action to the world of the spirit. A coronation, he said, is more like a wedding than a stage play because the solemn language of the liturgy is not related to fiction but to reality. I wish I could praise these two impressive talks as they deserve, but it is unhappily true that excellence in the broadcaster does not promote eloquence in the critic. When he finds fault, he is in duty bound to give what he believes to be valid reasons for his strictures, but praise calls for no apology.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

A Royal Occasion

'GLORIANA', THE OPERA composed by Britten for performance at the Coronation gala in Covent Garden, was obviously a work to be seen as well as heard, if only for the sake of the splendid and beautiful setting in which it was given. The audience provided most of the splendour and much of the beauty, the rest being supplied by Oliver Messel's silken pavilions for the royal guests and Mrs. Spry's tapestries woven of roses and other flowers from Mr. Messel's garden.

A reading of William Plomer's libretto, published by Messrs. Boosey and Hawkes in time for the performance, raised great hopes. For this is the best book the composer has had to set—straightforward in language, without esoteric psychological oddities, and with plenty of good dramatic situations well knit together and providing in the spectacular scenes grand opportunities for effective musical expression. The only weakness in the book is, it seems to me, the under-development of the Mountjoy-Lady Rich sub-plot. John Piper, too, had contributed beautiful and richly coloured scenery and costumes (saving the Queen's final dress which was more sumptuous than beautiful), which evoked several bursts of spontaneous applause from the audience.

And the music? The first act seemed to me excellent, though the opening scene was hardly exciting enough. A tournament is in progress and its events are reported in a running commentary to the envious Earl of Essex. Perhaps it was the producer's fault that the scene failed, for we might have been given a glimpse of jousting knights, lanced and helmeted, meeting and clashing behind the wall which hides the field of combat. The entry of Queen Elizabeth I, intervening *à l'Otello* in a duel, is excellently contrived, and her duets with Robert Cecil and with Essex in the second scene are first rate. The prayer, which ends the act, was given a fortuitous emotional significance on this occasion, when the old Queen on the stage confronted the young Queen in the audience.

This first act introduced the two main parts of the musical structure—a chorus in praise of Elizabeth and the second of Essex's lute-songs, a setting of a poem by the Earl himself. As to this song there seem to be two opinions among the learned. For Erwin Stein finds in it 'a ripe fruit of Britten's preoccupation with Purcell', while another authority says that the melody is borrowed from Wilbye. Without pretending to have recognised its source, I should have thought that the Tudor origin was the more probable one.

My first impression, which must be subject to revision on a second hearing, is that these two themes, good as they are, do not suffice to support so large a structure without further assistance. And in the later acts the composer's inspiration becomes thinner and thinner, until the opera fades out in an anticlimax with the Queen speaking a selection of authentic sayings, for which cues are given by various evanescent



MUSIC AND THE COMMON MAN

Schweppshire shows the Way

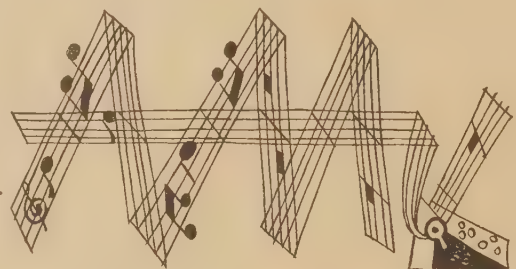
4 SPONTANEOUS COLLECTIVE SELF-EXPRESSION

Once more, Schweppshire anticipates the era of progress—the century of the common, or fairly common, man. The making of music is not left to the individual freak, the isolated and probably introverted and ego-bound “composer”, standing or wishing to stand apart from his fellow men. Musical creation is a spontaneous act evolved from the group-will, by the group-will, for the group-will.

In this simplified illustration of the poly-omni-panhorn, musical group-creation is seen at work. Mass extemporising is co-ordinated, not by the domineering baton of the conductor (tawdry effigy of the old slave habit or leader-and-led mentality) but by the “unanimity of the common spout”

The effect of omnipolyphonic music is difficult to describe to those whose ear, brought up to the “tum-ti-tum” of Hindemith or Berg, is not trained to receive four-dimensional

sound; nor is its scripting easy. The scribe or *Übereinstimmung-schreibgerätsmann* (right-hand corner) must be specially trained. For his three-dimensional notation (see inset) he uses a three-dimensional typewriter.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERYESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

characters (some of whom have not appeared before) against a tenuous musical background, in which (if you are clever enough) you may recognise the main themes of Essex's song and the chorus. The weakest thing in the opera is the masque at Norwich. The music failed to inspire the choreographer's invention and even Piper's costumes did not delight the eye as Messel's do in Ashton's deliciously beautiful Coronation ballet, which effectively revives the spirit of the masque.

On the stage Joan Cross gave the dramatic performance of her career, a wonderful impersonation of the great Queen, domineering, capri-

cious, even spiteful, but a woman with charm and an obvious genius for government. On the rare occasions when her voice was supported, as any voice should be supported in opera, by the orchestra, it sounded fine. Essex, on the other hand, was played by Peter Pears as a spoilt and pettish youth, who never for a moment could have been a menace to a popular sovereign, or a rival to men like Cecil and Raleigh. The other parts were well done, but too few of the singers let us hear their words. The chorus of boys, without which no work by Britten is complete, set their elders an example in clear enunciation. The performance was conducted by John

Pritchard, who gave full effect to the many brilliant points in the score.

I have space for only a few words about the finest event of the week, the Glyndebourne 'Alceste', given an extra poignancy by the death a few days before of Mrs. Christie, the inspiration of the whole Glyndebourne venture and the most charming of Susannas. The most statuesque of Gluck's operas, it was done with great dignity and style, while Ebert's production managed to give it a surprising amount of vitality without violence to its character. There will be a later opportunity for a more detailed review.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

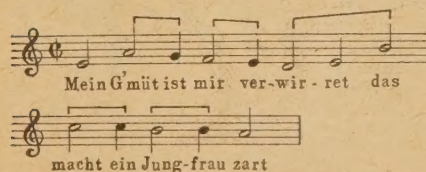
Hans Leo Hassler

By HANS F. REDLICH

Music by Hassler will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Saturday, June 20, and 6.35 p.m. on Monday, June 22 (both Third)

BEFORE the advent of the three great S's—Schein, Scheidt and Schütz—the highest mark of distinction in German music undoubtedly goes to Hans Leo Hassler who preceded them by a generation. Hassler's musical personality and its most powerful gift—the faculty of inventing memorable and singable tunes—have made him a special favourite of historians, who have reprinted him (like Kirnberger) as early as 1777 or else hailed him (like Eitner) as the German equivalent of Palestrina in Italy and Lassus in the Netherlands. Today Hassler's claim to immortality rests chiefly on a single secular part-song whose glorious melody is among the tunes treasured by every worshipping Lutheran, besides being the motto-theme (as it were) of Bach's St. Matthew Passion. The subsequent fate of this tune, inspired by the words of a passionate love-poem (whose initial letters spell acrostically the name MARIA), very probably written by Hassler himself, shows the increasing influence allowed to secular melodies in the devotional music of German Protestantism.

This part-song, 'Mein G'müt ist mir verwirret', published in 1601 in Hassler's popular *Lustgarten*, appeared the very same year as a religious *contrafactum* in a Silesian organ tablature, wedded there to Christoph Knoll's funeral song 'Herzlich tut mich verlangen' of 1599. As early as 1613 this 'parodied' love-song was introduced into the Gölitz hymnal and by 1656 Paul Gerhardt's famous poem of the crucified Saviour, 'O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden', had become its officially recognised text, although the melody continued to be sung as part of the Lutheran Hymnal to at least four different texts. Finally the tune became a special favourite of Bach who, besides making it the pivot-melody in the Matthew Passion, used it in the Christmas Oratorio, in several church cantatas and in a well-known chorale prelude for organ. The great development in the direction of expressive harmony, achieved at the expense of flexibility of rhythm, may be seen in a flash, if the richly chromatic harmonies of Bach's even crotchets are compared with Hassler's irregular and palpitating dance-rhythm:



Hassler's natural ability for writing simple and singable popular melodies may have received its decisive stimulus during his short stay in Italy, whither he went in 1584 with his friend Gregor

Aichinger (1564-1628), to become a pupil of both Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli in Venice. With the precedents only of Meiland and Lechner, Hassler and his companion thus created a fashion for German composers who—from the days of Schütz and Froberger to the epoch of Handel and Mozart—inclined to look upon an Italian journey as the climax of their artistic apprenticeship. Hassler's lifelong friendship with Giovanni Gabrieli has an enduring monument in a joint musical publication, printed in 1600 at Nuremberg, as a wedding present to their common friend Georg Gruber.

The indelible imprint of Italian secular music on the young Hassler's receptive mind is reflected in the wealth of his madrigal music on Italian as well as German words, published chiefly between 1590 and 1601. The decade of the publication of Hassler's Italian four-part canzonets and Italian madrigals (1590, 1596), of their vigorous and high-spirited German counterpart, *Neue deutsche Gesänge* (1596) and its continuation, the *Lustgarten* (1601), which contains also instrumental intradas and a galliard as early specimens of German instrumental music and its latent symphonic possibilities, witnessed also the composer's spectacular worldly career. Born on October 25 or 26, 1564, at Nuremberg as the son of an organist who hailed from Joachimsthal in the Erzgebirge, brother of two distinguished composers and organists and brought up in the traditions of Heyden, Lechner and Senfl, Hassler at twenty-one was appointed organist of Augsburg Cathedral upon his return from Venice in 1585. Soon after he became private organist of the wealthy Fugger family and also entered the Imperial service under Rudolph II. As the emperor resided at Prague, Hassler had to divide his time between the Bohemian capital, Augsburg, Nuremberg and even Ulm, where he married a few years before his death. He was ennobled in 1595, honours and donations were showered on him and in 1608 the Grand Elector of Saxony made him his private organist and librarian.

Hassler's official duties as a composer attached to imperial and princely households increased his interest in ecclesiastical music. Already in the early four- to twelve-part *Cantiones sacrae* of 1591 (twice reprinted within his short life) Hassler had shown his mettle as a master of traditional choral polyphony. In his great collection *Sacri Conventus* of 1601, specially in its magnificent pieces for three choirs such as 'Cantate Domino' in twelve parts, Hassler easily reached a standard of choral brilliance and monumental harmony worthy of his two obvious models: Giovanni Gabrieli and Giovanni Croce. Like many of his German contemporaries, the Protestant Hassler (who composed amongst others a *Litaney deutsch Herrn Dr. Martini Lutheri*—a parallel to his colleague Michael Praetorius' *Missa Teutsch*) had no objection

to composing Masses for the Roman service. These were collectively published in 1599 and have earned him high praise from Roman Catholic scholars on account of their folk-tune-like simplicity and freshness of style. But Hassler's heart was more deeply touched by the timeless treasure of Lutheran chorales whose melodies he treated with the consummate artistry of the born polyphonist in a collection of *Psalmen und Christliche Lobgesänge fugweis componiert* (1607), in which a set of nine choral variations on the Lord's Prayer ('Vater unser') is surely the high light of Protestant devotional music before Schütz's *Beckerscher Psalter* of 1628.

The few instrumental canzonas for unspecified instruments, published in *Sacri Conventus*, as well as the intradas of the *Lustgarten*, show Hassler fully alive to the possibilities of the budding instrumental style manifest in the orchestrally conceived works of Giovanni Gabrieli and Annibale Padovano. Similarly the progressive chromaticism of motets like 'Ad Dominum cum tribulatur' (1601) or of organ pieces like the 'Ricerar II toni' indicates Hassler's feeling for the experimental trends in harmony, so forcefully expressed in the madrigals of Rore and Gesualdo. Yet, like the latter and in telling contrast to his friend Aichinger, Hassler seems quite untouched by the revolutionary new style of *Basso Continuo*. Perhaps the physical frailty—noticeable in his portrait—which turned later into lingering illness is responsible for his lack of interest in the exciting development of monody and the *concertante* forms in music. Unrelenting pressure of work—as an imperial composer, as a celebrated organist and even as a resourceful inventor of musical clockworks—began to take its toll. Practically a dying man, Hassler travelled dutifully upon the death of Rudolph II to attend the coronation of his successor Matthias. It was at Frankfurt-am-Main, the traditional city of imperial splendour, that he passed away on June 8, 1612, about two months before his friend Giovanni Gabrieli, and still two years short of fifty.

William McNaught: 1883-1953

We deeply regret to record the death of William McNaught, THE LISTENER's first regular music critic on the Hearst.

G. A. writes: 'A fine critic and accomplished practical musician, McNaught has left far too few permanent records of his powers. Since 1944 he had been almost entirely absorbed by the editorship of *The Musical Times*. His *Short Account of Modern Music and Musicians*, published in 1937, is a masterly conspectus of a difficult field, but it is characteristic of the man that he never bothered to keep it up to date. Self-contained and taciturn, he had few intimate friends. He loved mountains, and climbing them, almost as much as he loved music'.



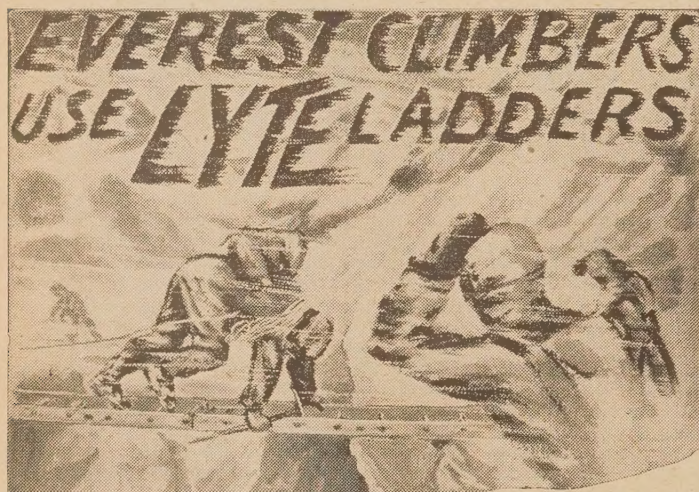
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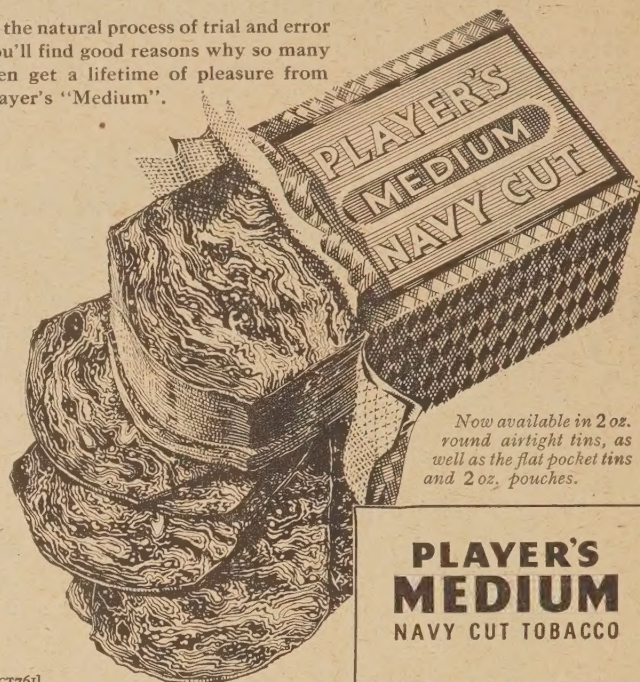
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

KEEPING FOOD FRESH

IN THE WARM summer months one of your troubles will be to prevent butter from going oily and, to a smaller extent, also margarine and cooking fat. If you have no refrigerator or special food cooler, your best method is to fill a bowl about three-quarters full with cold water. Balance the fats on a small, wire grid on top of the bowl. Cover the butter right over with a damp muslin cloth, making sure that the edges of the cloth dip into the water on both sides of your wire grid. Stand it in a draught and change the water daily. The same kind of method can be used for milk. Here you stand the bottles in a bowl or pail of really cold water as soon as they are delivered. Completely cover with a wet cloth dipping right into the water, and change the water frequently. Again, stand the bowl in a draught.

Other foods you have to be particularly careful with are prepared foods which may stand in warm shops some time before they are bought and are then often eaten without any further cooking. I am thinking particularly of meat pies, rissoles, and fish cakes, and pressed and sliced meats. All of these should be kept cold, and should be eaten as soon as possible. And so should creamy and custardy cakes and trifles and milk puddings, and left-overs such as soups and stews. Hot left-overs must be cooled down quickly. Do not just leave food to cool down gradually in its saucepan. Transfer it to a clean bowl, cover, and stand it in cold water. Then when it is cold, keep it cold in the refrigerator or in the coolest part of the larder. Incidentally, you should never put warm foods straight into the refrigerator.

Now for raw meat or fish. Remove it from its wrappings as soon as you get it home. Place it on a dish and cover it with a meat cover—or with a clean, cotton cloth which you have wrung out first in vinegar and water. Never partly cook meat, hoping that will keep it fresh till you want it. It does not. It just gives a nice warm home for food-poisoning germs to

multiply, so cook really thoroughly as soon as possible. In a refrigerator, put fish in the coldest part, that is, immediately under the freezing unit. You can put some ice cubes on top of it, too, to keep it extra cold. But, even if you have a refrigerator, always try to cook fish the same day it is bought.

Always keep foods covered, whether they are in a refrigerator or a larder. Do not forget to put clean tops back on to milk bottles. Have you tried packing food in plastic bags or aluminium foil? They are both excellent.

LOUISE DAVIES

HOW TO CURE WOODWORM

During the next few weeks it will pay to be especially careful in protecting furniture—and, indeed, the structural timbers of the house—against wood-boring beetles, commonly called woodworms. Watch for holes appearing in the surface of timber; watch, too, for little heaps of powdered wood looking like very fine sawdust.

Many people think that the holes seen in affected timber are made by a wriggly woodworm making its way into the wood to start eating, but they are in fact made by the adult beetle leaving the wood after it has done its worst. These beetles are most likely to be emerging between June and August, and it is at this time that treatment will have the best chance of succeeding.

These pests are best controlled by the use of special liquids, sold under various trade names. The liquids readily penetrate the wood, not only killing on contact but also rendering the wood uneatable. As the eggs are laid in cracks, holes, and crevices, these liquids brushed into such places will kill any eggs with which they come into contact. The liquids will not harm the polish of furniture but any excess should be wiped off, especially on limed oak.

So much for prevention, now for the cure. The liquid must be introduced into the exit holes left by the emerging adults. There may be two, or even three, generations of grubs still

working away inside. It is no good using a small spray; the liquid remedy must be actually injected into the holes so that it can penetrate along the tunnels and through the layers to reach the grubs. You can use an old-fashioned fountain-pen filler, or one of those small oil cans, usually supplied with sewing machines, or special injectors made for the job. On horizontal surfaces you can flow the liquid in from a soft brush. I know it is a boring business dealing with scores and scores of these holes, but it must be done—perhaps time and time again—to achieve a complete cure. It may be that if a piece of furniture has become really riddled with grubs it will be best to destroy it in order to prevent the spread of the pest.

W. P. MATTHEW

Notes on Contributors

JOSEPH HARSCH (page 995): Washington correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* and commentator of the National Broadcasting Company

TERENCE PRITTE (page 1003): *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany

ANGUS WILSON (page 1005): Deputy Superintendent of the British Museum Reading Room; author of *Hemlock and After*, *Emile Zola, Such Darling Dodos*, and *The Wrong Set*

A. C. B. LOVELL (page 1007): Professor of Radio Astronomy, University of Manchester, since 1951; author of *Radio Astronomy, Science and Civilisation*, etc.

DAVID RIESMAN (page 1009): Professor of the Social Sciences, Chicago University

ELY DEVONS (page 1010): Robert Otley Professor of Applied Economics, Manchester University, since 1948; worked during the war as a statistician in the War Cabinet Offices and Ministry of Aircraft Production; author of *Planning in Practice*, etc.

HENRY REED (page 1017): poet, critic, and radio dramatist; author of *A Map of Verona*, *Moby Dick—a Play for Radio*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,207.

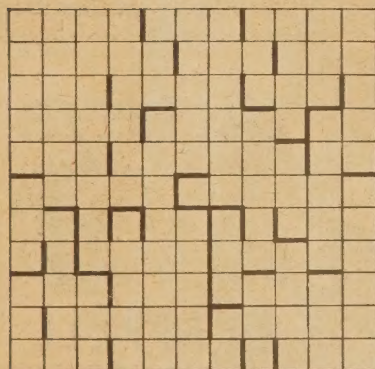
Verbal Quiz.

By Div

Solution of No. 1,205

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47 77

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25 40 50

33 48

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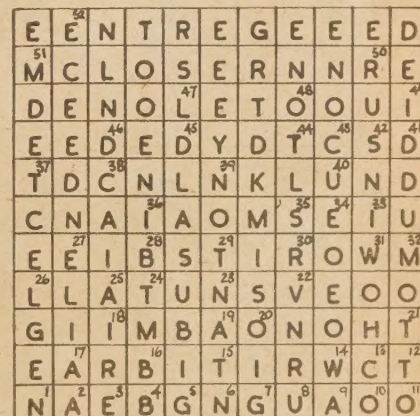
The numbers at the end of the horizontal and vertical rows are the numerical totals of the letters in each word (A 1, B 2 . . . Z 26). The unchecked letters make up the title of this puzzle.

In the correctly solved diagram the two eleven-letter diagonals—reading downwards—are identical, each being a word spoken by Reynaldo.

(All lights are to be found in *Chambers's Dictionary*.)

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NOTES

Ladders: 5. GI bus. 6. Nine (eyes). See Chambers. Snakes: 18. Imbibe 31. Woven Rug. 38. Cancel. 39. Nostalgia (anagram). 43. Culminating. 50. Ruddier. 51. Mended. 52. Enclosed.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. Harris (Glasgow, W. 1); 2nd prize: J. Riley (London, S.E.12); 3rd prize: R. W. Williams (Weybridge)

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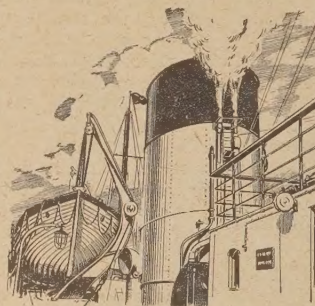
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